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FOR

ALL INDIA.

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PRICE TWO RUPEES.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

On the 1st of April the Proprietors of *Saunders' Monthly Magazine* will have redeemed their promise to carry on their enterprize for six months, and it will then be optional with them either to persevere yet further, or to abandon the undertaking entirely. They see no reason to adopt the latter alternative. The circulation of the new Periodical has already exceeded their expectations, and they not unreasonably anticipate a considerable increase whenever the present exorbitant rates of postage shall be reduced. To those gentlemen who have so kindly contributed to the success of the Magazine, the Proprietors will be prepared to pay the amount due for their respective papers, on the 15th of April. At the same time, they regret to announce that in justice to themselves, they will be compelled, after the publication of the VIth. Number, to adopt the following reduced scale of remuneration :—

For Original Articles in Prose, 5 rupees per printed page, or 80 rupees per sheet.

For Reviews and Translations, 2½ rupees per printed page, or 40 rupees per sheet.

For Poetry, no payment whatever will be made except in cases of rare and extraordinary merit.

The Magazine will contain 100 pages of uniform type throughout.

Such Contributors as may object to these terms are requested at once to notify their dissent, and their papers shall be immediately returned to them; otherwise they will be published according to the rates above mentioned.

To their Friends and the Public generally, the Proprietors tender their hearty thanks for the patronage they have hitherto received, and they feel no hesitation in promising that as "*Saunders' Monthly Magazine*" grows in years, so it shall also grow in favor with all men.

SAUNDERS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

T.'s lines are declined with thanks, and have been returned as requested.

The Fragment "To Sleep," savors rather of Morpheus than of the Muses.

T. A.'s "Pic-Nic Party" will appear in the Sketch Book. His "Memento" is a *leetle* too heavy.

R. F. F. must pardon our declining his Sonnets.

"The Prophecy of Ahijah" shall appear in an early Number. We shall be glad to see the promised prose article.

We will endeavour to publish the paper on "Cape Policy" in our April Number, and the one on "New Zealand" shall appear, if possible, on the 1st May.

N. B.—Rejected contributions will not be returned unless at the particular request of the writers.



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ARIANA HODIERNA.

The last issue of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an article* on Comparative Philology, which will form the basis of the following remarks. Indeed, were that article entirely confined to the languages and ethnology of this country, it would have been unnecessary for us to enlarge upon the subject; so profound are the views of its author. But such was not his object; and therefore, if we can direct the stream of his information (assisted by the thin canals derived from our own reading) to the rich plains of Indian history, our humble labours may not be altogether uninteresting to our readers, be they Hindoo or European.

The great Geographer† of antiquity informs us that, in his time, the name of Ariana was understood to apply to Persia, Media, and even the Northern parts of Bactria and Sogdiana, "for their speech," (he adds) "is for the most part the same." It will be our object to shew that from this region have emerged at different periods the whole of the "audax Iapeti genus," the masters of arms and arts through India, Persia, the Caucasus, Europe, and the best part of America; and that of this remarkable race, the Hindoo of to-day presents, like a fossil of history, one of the earliest, and at the same time one of the purest representatives.

It is indeed stated by the sacred writers of the Pentateuch, whose antiquity will be allowed even by those who doubt their plenary inspiration, that the human race sprung originally from one pair; and that there was a period when their descendants throughout the earth were of one speech; and this account is near-

* Edinburgh Review, No. CXCII. Art. 1.

† Strabo.

ly deriving support from the researches of the ablest ethnologists, from the veteran author of Kosmos to our own lamented Prichard. But the traces of such identity which such enquirers have discovered are, at present, but faint, nor does profane history mention any definite epoch of universal brotherhood.

The connection, indeed, of Greek and Latin was too obvious to escape the notice of the coldest pedantry, but scholars of fifty years ago had generally little suspicion of a consanguinity between these and the Teutonic, the Indian, or the Slavonic; while even now, 'though that one great fact seems nearly demonstrated, few data exist which permit of our tracing them up to a point where they should merge in the Arabo-Hebraic, the Turanian, or the aboriginal languages of America.

It was Sir William Jones who first propounded the notion that the twice-born classes of this country, the Brahman, the Kshuttrya, and the Vaisya, were once invaders who had been driven across the Himalayas by some convulsion in Central Asia. And there were not wanting, at the time, those who deemed the theory too fanciful, too little supported by the evidence of fact. Succeeding researches have brought Sir William's supposition to something like a certainty; and the name of Arya, echoing from the Media of Herodotus to the Germany of Tacitus, is still lingering about the classic plains* of Thanesur and Hastinapur.

It is true that the Hindoo classes alluded to have preserved but faint memorials of a northern origin; but such as they are, they all tend one way. The marks of their march are to be seen this day; ever southward, till they are lost amongst the ape-armies of the Deccan, and the demon chiefs of Ceylon. And, in the earliest written records which the invaders have preserved, we find the name of "Arya" used indiscriminately for the "best," and for the three privileged classes, contrasted with the word "Sudra," as though these last were the subjugated aborigines.

Now if we turn to the ancient Scriptures of Persia, do we find any footsteps corresponding with those on the other side of the Himalayas? To answer this question we must briefly glance at the history of the Zendavesta, the only authority that we possess which lays claim to the desired antiquity. When this volume was first made known to Europeans by Anquetil du Perron, who received it from the Parsees of Surat, it was accepted with caution, and exposed to a most rigorous and extensive examination. And it is the opinion of M. Heeren that the result of this unusual criticism has completely established the authenticity of its contents, as presenting the whole (or nearly the whole) of Persian records antecedent to the time of Alexander. And further question is avoided, if we are correct in believing that the language learned from the Zendavesta has been the chief among the keys which have enabled Grotefend and Rawlinson

* Called in the Vedas "Aryàvertta."

to decypher the arrow-head incriptions of Persepolis. Of course no modern forgery could have done this.

Zoroaster, or Sapetman Zerdusht, as he styles himself in this book, informs us that he lived in the time of Gushtasp, and has accordingly been set down by some as a cotemporary of the father of Darius Hystaspes. Yet it is curious that his appearance is not noticed either by Herodotus or Xenophon in mentioning this epoch, though the institutions of the Zendavesta are described as then existing; and that Plato, the first Greek writer, who speaks of Zoroaster, treats him as a very ancient author. Nor does it appear that Hystaspes, the Gushtasp, who was the father of Herodotus, Darius, was ever seated on a throne which his son only ascended, according to the received account, by a trick on the part of his groom. But further, Zoroaster describes his Eriene, the nation of the Arii, as not fixed in any land, much less the modern Persia. On the contrary it migrates from the eastward of Sogdiana, where the remains of the elephant still attest the truth of his statement that the climate was once tropical—across the Oxus,—and in a westerly direction to Media and Persia, then southward by way of Herat, Cabul and Candahar as far as "Hapte Hando," or the seven Indias. Here then we have the Arii with their priestly, regal, and pastoral tribes (and the care of cattle belonged of old to the Vaisyas) brought down to the confines of India, and ready to appear after an indefinite lapse of time in Aryávertta, or northern Hindoostan.

Now it is a fact that in the Homeric poems, the earliest written records of the Greeks, we observe the existence of a privileged race of chiefs, nobles, and kings, while we observe that to this *Aristo*-cracy is applied an adjective which is completely unsuited to its grammatical position as the superlative of *Agathos*, but easily enough understood if connected with the Persian and Sanscrit words. True, mere similarity of names is not in itself sufficient to warrant the conclusions on which we would insist. It is for instance perfectly optional with us to believe, or to disbelieve, the statement (supported by many able authors) that the Cathari are the Khuttries, the Getæ the Jats, or the ancient Malli, the sponsors of Mooltan. It is on no such slender grounds that the Arian or Indo-Germanic languages and the peoples who have spoken them, are considered to belong to the same family, though such considerations are most valuable, when, as in the present case, the hints of tradition correspond to the facts of philology; and we find the idioms so classed agreeing in all that constitutes the genius of a language; the inflections of the nouns, the conjugations of the verbs, the numerals, and the household words.

It would be out of our province to give more than some of the more prominent instances of this coincidence selected by the Reviewer. Full lists may be found in Bopp's Comparative Grammar (which has been translated into English by the Hindoostanee Professor at Haileybury); many will, no doubt, suggest themselves to the reader, as he reflects upon the subject.

Sanscrit.	*Old and Modern Persian.*	*Greek.*	*Latin.*	*Old and Modern German.*	*English.*
pitar.	pidar.	pătēr.	pătēr.	vater.	father.
bhràta.	bhràta, bràder,	....	frater.	bruder.	brother.
duhiter.	dochter.	thugater.	....	tochter.	daughter.
pasu.	....	pou.	pecus.	vihu.	cattle.

[It may be remarked that this word is probably preserved in English also—in the word "fee," a representation of the Latin *pecunia.* Also in the vernacular *pohe* of this country.]

Sanscrit.	*Greek.*	*Latin.*	*Old German.*	*English.*
Divas (Dyans.)	(Zeus) Dios, Theos.	(sub) Dio, Deus.	Zio.	Sky and God.

[This interesting relic of Chaldæan worship (the root being in Sanscrit *Div*, "to shine,") is still preserved in the religion of the Parsees; and in the Hindee word Dēva.]

Sanscrit.	*Persian.*	*Greek.*	*Latin.*	*German.*	*English.*
bhu.	bu.	fu.	fu.	bin.	be.

[Connected with this is a curious word Bōg, the Slavonic for God, and corresponding to the Sanscrit and Hindee *bhag* wàn, &c., apparently implying the idea of "self-existence." The *(g)* passes into an *(h)* in some languages. In the name Bistoon or Bohistun, the great rock of Cunei-form inscriptions a few leagues from Kermàn Shah, and considered to belong to the most remote period of the Persian Empire, this word occurs in combination with *sitoon** "a tower;" while in connection with some form of *stàn*, "a place;" it appears in *bihisht*, "Heaven."†]

Next in order of coincidence comes the inflection of the nouns, of which it need only be observed that the *dominŭs* and *logŏs* of Latin and Greek Grammar, often illustrated with cuts (as poor Hood said) to our youthful intellects, corresponds almost entirely in respect of declension with the Sanscrit noun in *(a:)* or Visarga, which is nothing but a soft *(s)*.

We now come to the numerals, the most striking and complete coincidence that our subject presents.

* Not, as the Reviewer supposes, with *stàn*; for, how get rid of the important sound of *(i)* a long vowel?

† Until the word once applied to the Deity by a stretch of metaphysical daring on the part of our untutored forefathers, emerges in modern India in relation to the humble but laborious water-carrier, often hailed as an "angel" by fevered patients on many a hard fought field.

Sanscrit.	*Old and Modern Persian.*		*Greek.*	*Latin.*	*Old and Modern German.*		*Old and Modern English.*	
eka.	aeva.	yek.	eis.	unus.	ains.	ein.	an.*	one.
dwa.	dwa.	du.	duo.	duo.	twai.	zwei.	twegan.†	two.
tri.	thri.	seh.	treis.	tres.	threis.	drey.	thri.	three.
chatwar.	chatwar.	chahar.	tessares.	quatuor.	fidvor.	fier.	feover.	four.
puncham.	puncham.	punj.	pente.	quinque.	fünf.		fif.	five.
shash.	cewas.	cheh.	hex.	sex.	saichs.	sechs.	six.	
saptan.	haftam.	huft.	hepta.	septem.	sifun.	sieben.	seofun,	seven.

From the above list it will be seen that the resemblance between the numerals has been less affected than in other cases, by the lapse of time. Some changes have, it is true, taken place ; but they are generally to be simply accounted for ; nay more, when taken in connection with other facts, they help to furnish a law for tracing other and greater permutations. Parts, for example, of the Sanscrit *chatwàr* appear in the Latin qu*atuor*, old German Fi*dvor* (and, it may be added, in the Celtic pe*dwar*), and when we find that similar changes have occurred in the ensuing numeral, in precisely the same languages, we are led to conclude that *ch*, *p*, *f* and *qu*, have some degree of reciprocity amongst certain different branches of the Arian speech. Nor is this all that we may learn from these useful words ; they also give dim glimpses of a time when the Semitic had not separated from the other races,—the period to which Chev. Bunsen is disposed to refer the migration of the ancient Egyptians. Thus, in the Basque, an old, but abnormal language, we have *bi* for two, corresponding with the Latin *bis*, and the Hindu *bais*, *ba*wun, *ba*suh, &c., and possibly founded on the immemorial position of the letter (*b*), the second alike in the Hebrew, Arabic, Greek and Teuton Alpha-Bets.

Again, in the coincidence of the Arian words for "seven," with the *saf*ch of the Hieroglyphics, and the *sabath* of the Arabic and Hebrew, we have, probably, another trace; and moreover a ground for suspecting that the sanctity of the seventh day is of earlier standing than the time of Moses ; the words being so similar in forms of speech usually so markedly distinct.

Nor are the pronouns and verbs less worthy of notice ; though the connection here is perhaps not so strikingly obvious to a superficial observation. Look however at the similarity of structure between the substantive verb of Latin, its fac-simile in Persian, the Greek verb in (*mi*,) and the undeviating inflection of the Sanscrit verb. In these we find that one and all have the 1st person in (*m*,) the 2nd in (*s*,) the 3rd in (*t*) of the singular; while the plural contains (*um*) (*us*) (*unt*.) Now when we add that (*m*) is the root of the 1st personal pronoun in—

* Whence the indefinite article.

† Whence our "twain," (*n*,) being the mark of the plural in Saxon.

Sanscrit.	*Persian.*	*Greek.*	*Latin.*	*German.*	*English.*
a ham.	man. ma.	emoi. hēmeis.	me. (nos, or enos being Etruscan.)	mich.	me.

That of the 2nd (*s*) in

Persian.	*Greek.*	*Latin.*
shuma.	su.	vos (?)

That of the 3rd (*t*) in

Greek.	*Latin.*	*English.*
touto.	id (*d* and *t* are reciprocal).	it.

We cannot resist a temptation to connect the above-named simple and ancient personal terminations with some obsolete forms of the pronouns in whose place they stand, and whose powers they express.

Having now placed in the reader's hand the clues which will lead him to the Japetic fountain-head by the paths of history and philology; let us, before we finish, point out some of the more important analogies in laws and social customs. Foremost among these is the singular view of the succession to property, founded on the supposed obligations of funeral rites, and their importance to the peace of the deceased in a future state. This is found to pervade the institutions no less of Greece than of India, as well as the kindred subject of adoption by a man who has no natural issue.* The very specialties are often the same.

"The Greek laws on these subjects," it has been said by an excellent authority, "as instituted by Solon, are founded on considerations so similar, and provided for in so much the same way, as under the Hindoo system, that little room is left for doubting that they came originally from the same source as those of the Hindoos."

Not less remarkable is the "Cöemtio," a form of marriage common to these codes, and alluded to, (though with disapprobation) by Menu, who calls it Sura, or "the sale of a daughter." Strange, indeed, would it seem should the religious aspect of marriage among the Greeks and Romans prove to have come originally from the East, where that institution has been latterly the most perverted from its purer objects, by the introduction of po-

* The Reader will be reminded of the dream of Simonides; and the petition of Archytas to the Sailor.—Hor. I. Carm. XXVIII. L. 23-4.

lygamy. The identity of feeling which gives marriage its social and civil value, cannot exist while a door is left open for the inconstancies of caprice or lust. This truth appears to have been discovered in the forests of Germany; but the *religious* sanction we have derived from the Civil or the Canon Law; for the old common law of England knows it not.

We may also refer to the Stridhana, the wife's inalienable property, so curiously reflected in the paraphernalia of the Civil Law.

It is curious, now that the relationship between the various Arian types is so well made out, to turn back to the misconceptions of Classical Scholarship.* The Latin was always set down as a derivative from the Greek; Parkhurst, the learned author of the Lexicon to the Greek Testament, will have it that Greek is derived from Hebrew! while Niebuhr gravely states, and is as gravely followed by our own Arnold in the statement, that the Latin borrowed words of war from the Italian languages, those relating to the arts of peace from the Greek. Any Sanscrit scholar could have shewn that many of the martial words alluded to were common to the Greek and Sanscrit, many to the Sanscrit and Latin.

In conclusion, we would remark that comparatively little of philology is even yet known, so that the only way for us to avoid mistakes like those of Niebuhr and Parkhurst, is to avoid their dogmatism, and remain in that attitude of enquiry which is the most befitting to the mind of man on most if not on all subjects. Even supposing that we had far more knowledge of the obsolete and other languages than the whole body of philologists at present possess, that knowledge alone would not warrant us in pronouncing on the common origin of any group of nations. If however, that evidence is backed by those of traditional history and of moral and physical science,† we may perhaps be permitted to express the conviction we feel that the Rajpoot and the Anglo Saxon are brothers by blood; the latter having become the progressive being he is by the force of outward pressure, while the former had chrystallised in his present shape before he was subjected to any important foreign influence. And while we bless the good fortune that sent out our fathers as wanderers, and gave them the energy for action and the courage for resistance which they have always shewn, let us never cease to look with reverence on this country, and the mysterious traces of our origin which its laws, languages,‡ and traditions still preserve. It is ill sneering at any time, much less does such a bearing become persons who are moving amongst the awful vestiges of their own moral Genesis.

* We once sat at the feet of an excellent tutor, who taught his class that *deku*, the Greek for "ten," came from *dechomai*—"I receive," becausemen opened their ten fingers when they had to receive anything.

† We have not the means of referring to their works; but we believe that Blumenbach and Combe have established it as an axiom in Craniology, that the head of the Brahman, like that of the modern European, belongs to the Caucasian group; distinguished by its symmetrical form, and the preponderance of the intellectual development.

‡ The Bengalee is merely a bastard Sanscrit. The Hindee possesses, as we have seen, a number of Arian roots, though mixed with those of an aboriginal race. The tongues of the Deccan are believed to be Malay. In the foregoing paper we have been speaking only of Hindoostan Proper.

HARRY HARTWELL, THE JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.

"HA, ha, ha, ha! devilish good, by Jove, capital; never heard a better joke,"—and an uproarious burst of laughter again broke forth in honor of Harry Hartwell's last good thing, while the Junior Ensign of the Regiment informed a stranger, (his guest,) in a confidential whisper, that Hartwell of ours was the best fellow in life—regular brick, sir, and no mistake."

"I say, Harry, give us a song; one of your own particular, you know, a funny one, nothing sentimental."

And Harry did sing a funny song, and a very funny song it was, and not in the least sentimental, though there was not a man in the station that could sing better sentimental songs than Harry, when he pleased; and many a fair young lady had been fascinated by his rich deep voice, when in some tender love song, he poured forth the very soul of pathos. But on the public nights of the gallant ——th, he ever eschewed the pathetic; he gave a free rein to high spirits and lively fancy, and, like mettled steeds as they were, they ran away with him. The said nights were celebrated in the station. Never were such meetings; an atmosphere of jollity seemed to pervade the room, making mirth epidemic, so that steady old hands would grow quite kittenish, men of stereotyped dullness become unaccountably facetious, and serious gentlemen forget their gravity, and indulge in backslidings that cost them many an after groan.

Of all this merriment Harry Hartwell was the life and soul, with his songs, his puns, his comical anecdotes, and his inexhaustible talent for improvising novelties to awaken interest, or keep up excitement. He had always some stirring scheme or other in hand. He it was who devised the famous nocturnal picnic in the cave temples. He had been suggester, promoter, and Honorary Secretary of the Ladies' Archery Club; he was indispensable at the planning of every ball, play, race, steeple chase, or water party; once he not only got up a masquerade, but actually secured thereat the presence in costume of every lady in the station, except two that were very serious indeed.

It is superfluous to add that he was the life of every Mess party. On the present occasion, he was unusually successful, keeping the table in a roar with an incessant fire of fun and jokes, though, strange to say, the notes of my informant are sadly deficient as to the particulars of the said jokes. I have scarcely been able to decypher more than one or two, and those not of the highest order. Still this need not in the least diminish confidence in our Hero's wit, for it is but justice to add that my friend's memory became singularly obfuscated at an early period of the evening, and moreover that kind of facetiousness which tells so well at a dinner table will generally fail upon repetition, and never bears the ordeal of being written down.

The "mirth and fun grew fast and furious," lights became mys-

teriously multiplied, voices grew strangely thick, brilliantly confused ideas flashed up for a moment, and then melted into the general hubbub ; a grave man in the agonies of a first joke took five minutes to be delivered of it, and forgot the point after all ; grilled bones and devilled biscuits had appeared and vanished in due course, when at last, a vagrant claret bottle flew across the table, striking Hartwell's most particular friend and guest on the face. The unlucky visitor fell from his chair under the combined influence of that bottle, and several others previously emptied, and Harry sprung to his feet in a high state of excitement, and darted fiery glances round, in hopes of detecting the offender.

There was a meek man on the other side the table, a Brevet Captain Lamb, who had entered the service for an easy livelihood, and felt as much at home in it as a flounder in a haystack. He had been in a state of awful uneasiness for the last hour, and had made sundry attempts to retire, but his inviter, who early attained the unreasonable stage of intoxication, would not hear of his going, and he had just taken advantage of the said inviter's final subsidence under the table, to make a hasty bolt for it,—the act, the attitude, the misery depicted on his face, his agitation, all seemed to mark him as the culprit, and with one bound, Harry cleared the table, seized the innocent man by the collar, and without question or reflection, kicked him out at the door. Harry resumed his seat amid the plaudit of the still articulate portion of the revellers, especially of the actual aggressor, who seemed to look on the whole transaction as an extraordinary joke. Still, when the train of uproarious hilarity has been once broken, efforts to re-unite it generally fail, and, spite of all our Hero's endeavours, the guests dropped off one by one, and the mess room was left to solitude and darkness much earlier than was usual on such occasions.

Morning found our Hero with the usual headache, but also with a heartache that was very unusual with him ; he had a vague impression of having been hasty, perhaps unjust, and of course he felt very miserable and annoyed with himself, for with all his faults, his heart was a good one, as a brief sketch of his history will show. He was the only son of a doating mother—so spoiled of course. As a boy, he was in the intoxication of high health and exuberant spirits,—the wildest young dog at school, as well as the handsomest beyond compare. As a youth he had been utterly unmanageable, and universally beloved for his kindness of heart, and sweetness of temper. He had been taken on trial as a clerk by friends of his father, a merchant and a banker and a lawyer, but they all declared it was a hopeless task to try to make a man of business of Harry; so at last, as a *dernier resort,* his mother was obliged to submit to part with him, and accepted an Infantry Cadetship in the Indian Army. It was high time to get him out of the way of daily multiplying new temptations, and of certain unpleasant results of former ones. It was a sad disappointment to the poor lady, who had set her heart on seeing her dear boy a Clergyman, but there was no help for it, and off to India our Hero

was sent. On boardship, he had been the idol of the sailors, the envy of the midshipmen, the glory of the cadets, and the dread of the quiet old passengers, of whom he seemed to stand in no awe whatever, though one of them *was* a Major General, and another a Judge of the Sudder. As a griffin he gave claret breakfasts and champagne tiffins, kept a pack of hounds, and drove the smartest tandem in the place. His mother had procured for him a letter of credit, the amount of which crippled her own resources for years, and for the brief time it lasted, Harry grudged nothing to himself or any one else. His money and all he had was as much his friends' as his own, and when his money was gone, his credit was similarly Catholic. When he joined his corps, it was just the same; he was courted by all, some cultivating his acquaintance with a sincere desire to benefit him, and many with an equally sincere wish to benefit themselves. Whenever he got into scrapes he met with kindness and indulgence, for his open-handed liberality, his talents, and the extraordinary fascination of his manners, engaged every heart to leniency. Yet some of his scrapes had been trying tests for even the most generous forbearance.

A brother Officer had gone away on sick leave, and had left the settlement of his affairs to Hartwell. Harry had sold off the property, buying himself every thing that could find no other purchaser, had collected the money, and——*spent* it, as thoughtlessly as if it was his own. He never thought again on the subject till he was suddenly called upon for an account. He then made the most strenuous exertions, raised money at ruinous sacrifices, and finally paid over to his friend nearly double the sum that was actually due, to prevent discovery of the fact that he had never kept any account at all. Jones, another friend of his, once entrusted him with a sum of money to be lodged as a deposit for purchase. Robinson was in great distress for cash, and could not raise a loan at the Banks or from the shroffs on any terms. Harry could not help feeling for him. Why, thought he, should Jones' money lie idle; he may just as well get high interest for it; in fact, it would be very wrong to let slip such an opportunity of consulting Jones' interest, and then it would be such a convenience for poor Robinson: besides, if the worst come to the worst, I can but make it good. So he lent Robinson, Jones' money, but unfortunately, when the coin happened to be called for, Harry *could not* make it good, being too deep in debt to raise a loan. Robinson had got himself cashiered shortly before, and had it not been for Jones' good nature, it would have gone hard with our Hero. He would often, in his sanguine way, make promises far beyond his power to perform, and a trick of postponing "tiresome" business to the last minute, often disappointed those who had trusted to him matters of the greatest importance. He had a most particular friend, named Vallancey, whose wife was a petty lively fool of a woman, innocent as an Angel, but sadly wanting in brains. During Vallancey's absence on command, Harry continued his visits as usual to the house, and often used to take the lady out in his curricle. The intimacy itself

was as blameless as could be, for it was not one of our Hero's faults to be traitor to his friend, nor yet to take advantage of a woman's confidence to her own detriment. But *to seem* rather than *to be* is the criterion of worldly respectability, and the good taste and charity of the station were only too ready to adopt the harshest conclusions, so that when Vallancey returned, he was confidently informed of his own dishonour by "one who was too much his friend to allow him to be so deceived." Vallancey was jealous, irritable, hasty. He rushed home and upbraided his wife in no measured terms with what he had heard. Mrs. Vallancey was weak, petulant, and morbidly proud. She took fire at the insult, refused to exculpate herself, and rushed from the house scarce knowing whither she went. The gate of Hartwell's compound stood open before her. She went in, and stood before the astonished man, pale, and with glaring eyes, a picture of concentrated, unreflecting rage. Hartwell started from his chair, and hastened to ask in what manner he could be useful, for it struck him that some frightful accident had befallen Vallancey; but as soon as, from her incoherent expressions, he had got a glimpse of the truth, he proposed immediately to go to his friend and undeceive him. For some time the outraged woman refused, "If he could suspect her, he might; she would not degrade herself to an exculpation; she cared not for the world, for fame, for appearances." Indeed, with the natural perversity of an undisciplined mind, she seemed to glory in the martyrdom of unjust persecution. At length, however, Hartwell's eloquence softened her heart. He led her thoughts to the English home of her childhood, and to her mother; he painted the results of her determination as affecting others, rather than herself; he spoke of the misery of that mother when she should hear of it, of the broken heart of the grey-haired old man when the child of his prayers was branded as a cast-away. The stubborn pride of the woman melted in her tenderness, and after a flood of passionate tears, she consented to take shelter with the wife of a brother officer, her most intimate friend, until the result of the mediation could be known. It is with pain and shame I add, that that friend refused to receive her! "The wretch who could leave her husband's roof, and remain for hours under that of a bachelor, above all of the gay, handsome, fascinating, Harry Hartwell, the very man notorious as her paramour, should never be suffered to contaminate the threshold of a virtuous woman."

With dry eyes and heart, each moment growing more steeled and callous, the repulsed heard her sentence. Hartwell, not knowing what better to do, conducted her once more to his own quarters, and leaving her there, took up his own abode with a brother bachelor. He made however another attempt to see Vallancey, but could not find him at home. Next morning, as he expected, he received a challenge: no explanation would be listened to, the attempt only produced language from the infuriated husband, sufficient of itself to prevent all chance of amicable settlement. The meeting was arranged the same evening, in a secluded spot, behind the rocks near the Target practice ground,

and true to time, the parties appeared at the rendezvous. Vallancey's face was flushed, and he was restless and unsteady—Hartwell, pale, calm, and collected. He had made up his mind not to return the fire. At the signal Vallancey fired, but missed his opponent, who almost simultaneously discharged his pistol in the air. The seconds peremptorily forbade a second shot, in spite of the vehement urgency of Vallancey, until finding them resolute, he suddenly snatched and levelled at Hartwell's head, a loaded pistol that lay in the case. His second instantly struck up his hand, and the infuriated man, maddened with disappointed revenge, turned the muzzle against himself, and the next moment lay a corpse upon the ground, with his skull well nigh blown to atoms.

The suddenness and horror of this most unexpected catastrophe made a strong impression on Harry. He was remarked by all as an altered man; he devoted himself to the task of serious reflection, abstaining from most of his old pursuits for nearly six weeks. The sequel however was, as usual in such cases. Those sudden awakenings of dormant minds, when strong excitement of feelings or of affections stirs up thought in thoughtless men, generally sink back again in slumber, as soon as the first impulse is expended; so our Hero's animal spirits soon wiled him from his graver resolutions. They did not however interfere with his chivalrous generosity; he himself arranged and paid for the passage of Vallancey's destitute widow to her friends in England.

It was not very long after Harry's return to his old pursuits that the unfortunate contretemps at the Mess party had taken place. Our Hero, according to custom, forgot in a day or two all particulars of the occurrence; not so however some other gentlemen, whose memories had the spur of "*sensitive honour*," to keep them in action. Brevet Captain Lamb was senior subaltern of a Regiment, remarkably unfortunate in the way of promotion, and his juniors felt honourably indignant at the disgrace thrown upon the corps by the insult he had received, and the quiet way in which he had put up with it. A few days subsequently, our Hero received the following note:—

My dear Hartwell,—Have you made any apology to Lamb, for the affair of last Tuesday?

Yours,

Fisher.

Harry scribbled off a hasty reply.

My dear Fisher,—I have made no apology, as your friend did not ask for one, but shall be happy to do so, if called upon, as I believe I was in the wrong.

Yours,

Hartwell.

He was thunderstruck a few days after this, to hear that the unlucky meek man was in arrest, with a formidable charge hanging over him, for "conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, in having, on such an occasion, submitted to be kicked, and otherwise insulted, without taking any measures to obtain redress, or vindicate his character."

The unfortunate meek man had been wretchedly ill for two days after the party, and from natural nervousness, a shrinking timidity, well nigh amounting to imbecility, had postponed, day after

day, writing to Hartwell, until at last he thought it was too late, and was glad of the excuse to say nothing about it. He had no friend to advise with, his quondam intimates had kept strangely aloof from him since the occurrence. He snatched at the idea that their silence was a proof that they looked on the whole affair as a drunken frolic, unworthy of serious notice. He now however found he had been miserably mistaken.

Harry was indignant; he volunteered an ample apology, and made use of expressions regarding the conduct of a brother officer of Lamb's, who was above all the rest the most fraternally forward in the prosecution, which led to both parties being placed in arrest, to prevent further mischief. He represented the occurrence everywhere as having been most trivial and foolish, till his eagerness pervaded his hearers that it had been far worse than the reality. He denounced the charge as a conspiracy, and so bound the accusers more stringently to prove it, while his generous but thoughtless zeal, rendered his own evidence in Lamb's favor nearly worthless. The Court assembled; the President was an unbending martinet, and two of the members terrible fire-eaters; the poor meek man was judged before he was tried, and the evidence itself, to men who decided from facts alone, and made no allowance for mistaken views or peculiarities of character, was conclusive. Harry, all but perjured himself in the attempt to screen the prisoner; but the case was hopeless. Brevet Captain Lamb was sentenced to be cashiered. There was a feeble recommendation to mercy, in which only two-thirds of the Court concurred, so the Commander-in-Chief, who was a great man for carrying out principles, and whose particular fancy at the time was scrupulous sensitiveness on the point of honour, rejected the recommendation with a sarcasm on the Court for having made it. He confirmed the sentence, winding up with an eloquent laudation of Lieutenant Hartwell's highly honorable conduct.

So the meek man was cashiered,—a crippled sister in England, who depended on him for support, left destitute, and Hartwell, universally admired, and with the recorded testimony of superior authority to his noble behaviour, sat in his solitary room, unutterably miserable. He felt crushed under an accumulation of mischances, under the guilt of unintended crimes. He could not free his mind from the terrible certainty, that to him and to his conduct had been owing the death of one man, and the ruin of another. It was no matter that as far as intention went, he was innocent of those results, for he could not clear his conscience of the conviction that his conduct had not been guided by principle, that such catastrophes were neither impossible nor improbable results of such conduct, and that with timely reflection, he might have known as much before hand, and so saved all this misery. But then how could he help his nature; he was the sport of Fate, that at every turn seemed to meet and crush him. He had forced himself to examine the state of his affairs, to see what could be done for Lamb: here again the dire Nemesis awaited him; he found himself not only powerless to do good, but involved himself in dif-

ficulties beyond all hope of extrication. His elasticspirit was broken at last, and he sought in drunkenness for oblivion. Day after day bills came pouring in, stringent measures were threatened; even debts of honour remained unpaid, in spite of insulting letters and threats of exposure. Hartwell sat moodily over his liquor; he seldom even opened his letters; if he did, it was but to tear them up half read. He became morose in his manners and slovenly in his appearance, though occasionally, under the influence of wine, a flash of his old spirit would re-appear. One day, at the house of a friend, where a rather jolly party had been tiffing, a dispute arose concerning a feat of horsemanship stated to have been performed by a friend of one of the guests, the feasibility of which was vehemently disputed; it had been a most arduous leap, and the narrator mentioned a wall and double ditch in their host's compound as exactly representing the conditions of the feat. Another gentleman declared that there was not a horse in the world that could take it, and the host himself was inclined to assent, adding however that if any could, it would be Hartwell's bay Arab, Flying Fox. Bets having been made on the subject, Harry declared that no time was like the present for decision, and to settle the matter at once, sent for his horse. On its arrival he mounted and boldly dashed at the wall; the noble animal cleared it at a bound, and a shout of applause rent the air as he landed well clear of the second ditch; but at the very moment the rider fell forward on his horse's neck, and rolled heavily thence to the ground; they ran to pick him up, but it was all over—he had died of concussion of the brain.

K.

FREQUENT CONFESSION.

(Translated from the Spanish.)

Inez was sick; and she cried out in pain,
" My Confessor go bring unto me;
" Quick—quick—go this minute." " But, Madam, explain,
" Who can he, your Confessor, be?"

" My Confessor, oh! he is a right holy man,
" And they call him one Fra Salvador"—
Then straight to the Convent, to fetch him, they ran,
He had died some half-dozen years before!

ON VEDANTISM; OR, THE RELIGION OF THE VEDANTA.

The uncertain conclusions which have always resulted from the researches of philosophy, from age to age, have not a little contributed to confirm the notion, that human wisdom alone is utterly unequal to the task of leading men unto truth. From the earliest eras of society, when the intellectual powers of the human mind were yet in their infancy, to the present moment, when it may safely be asserted that they have attained a degree of elevation never reached before, the primary object of all our enquiries has been to acquire a correct knowledge of the origin of things, and, still more especially, of that first intelligent cause to whom all owe their being. And yet, it is a fact, that even the greatest philosophers of the world "by wisdom knew not God." However clear and enlightened might have been their views on other subjects, however shrewd their observations, however vast their capacities, however deep their research, all their efforts to scale Heaven by the ladder of philosophy, all their struggles to peep into the mysteries of God and religion by the simple help of their own unaided reason, have invariably proved idle and abortive. In vain have the finest talents been brought into play, in vain the wisest principles laid down and arranged; for the finest talents and the wisest principles have never yet succeeded to hit on any rational hypothesis on the subject, and many with Simonides have frankly admitted, that the more they examined the matter, the more obscure it appeared to them. It is in this strain that the Hindu sages too have declared, that God is incomprehensible, undiscoverable, and indescribable, not meaning thereby simply, that human intellect cannot form any complete and definite idea of a Being so glorious, but that it can form no correct idea of him at all. Undeterred by their own admission, however, they yet ventured boldly and far into their investigations, and the results of their researches have been handed down to their descendents, in the shape of so many philosophical systems of theology, as the records of at once the wisdom and the piety of their forefathers. But, like all other philosophical theories of religion, these too are radically unsound and imperfect; and though here and there seasoned with sublime conceptions of the Deity, much too vague, speculative, and metaphysical on the whole, to be adapted to the comprehension, the wants, and the nature of mankind, and by far too uncertain and insufficient to answer any purpose of salvation.

Of all the systems of Hindu theology, the religion of the Vedanta is certainly the most sublime, at the same time, that it is believed to be the most orthodox, that is, the most agreeable to the Veds. Its antiquity has been variously estimated. Vyasa is generally acknowledged to have been its founder, and his Sutras, the well-known Vedanta Durshun, its code of authority. The term "Vedanta," says the author of the Vedanta Sura, "applies to such

arguments as are taken from the Upanishads, to the Saririka Sutras, and to other similar Shastras which tend to the same end;" and in Ward's work of the same name, which, though evidently not a correct version of the original, embodies all the popular notions on the subject, the tenets are stated to have been derived from the discourse addressed by Krishna to Arjun, in the Mahabharut, to induce him to lay aside his scruples, when on the eve of battle, he hesitated to engage in a war in which he found his friends, preceptors, and relatives arrayed against him. But the doctrines of the Mahabharut, including that portion of it which is called the Gita, and which is, looked upon by most of the Vedantists as a work of great authority, being an exposition of the Vedanta system, as taught by Krishna to his disciple, are not invariably consonant to those entertained in the Saririka Sutras; and this, perhaps, at once nullifies the derivation attributed to the latter by Ward. It will not however at all disturb the notion that Vyasa is the author of those Sutras, since the recognised author of the Mahabharut is also widely reputed as the compiler of the Veds; and it is not irrational to believe, that, in arranging the scriptures, he was led to compose a treatise on their doctrines, or rather on that portion of their doctrines, of which he approved. But when did the author of the Mahabharut live? The date of the "great war," which his great poem records, has been assumed by scholars, to be some twelve or fourteen hundred years before the Christian era. If Vyasa, therefore, was contemporaneous to the fight he has immortalized, the age of the Vedanta may now fairly be estimated at above three thousand years. According to some of the mythic accounts however, Vyasa is stated to have lived in the Dwapur Yug, and the events celebrated in his poem to have taken place in the Kali Yug, our own age of iron. One account even goes to assure us that Dhratarastra and Pandu, the fathers of the contending factions of the Mahabharut, were the children of Vyasa by his brother's widow. The inconsistency of supposing an author's having lived before the occurrence of the events he has recorded, is, in both cases, explained by supposing a miracle; that is, that Vyasa wrote by inspiration.

The origin of the belief in one God in India, as understood in the Vedanta, must however have been prior even to the age of Vyasa. The Upanishads, the principal authorities of the system, are evidently works of earlier date, and, besides the *rishees* who composed them, Ikshwaku, Vashishta, Pursara and others, maintained the doctrines of the Vedanta before Vyasa was born. But the full development of the system was of later growth. Neither the authors of the Upanishads, nor any of the other sages who professed the same doctrines, could reduce them to one philosophical and connected theory; and the compiler of the Veds appears to have been the first to systematize the misty dreams of his predecessors, and promulgate them with success. The reasons for compiling the Saririka Ictras are thus summed up in the work translated by Ward: "To humble Kakootsthu, a king of the race of the

sun, who was intoxicated with an idea of his own wisdom, to point out that the knowledge of Bruhmu is the only certain way of obtaining liberation, instead of the severe mortifications of former yoogus, which mankind are at present incapable of performing, and to destroy among men attachment to works of merit, since so long as a desire of reward remaineth men can never be delivered from liability to future birth ;"—to answer these ends was the Vedanta composed. It appears very probable, that, at this time, idolatry was extensively prevalent in the country, and that the annihilation of its puerile doctrines was the chief object Vyasa had in view in compiling his Sutras.* Nay, the pains taken by the philosopher to disprove diverse heretical and unorthodox doctrines alluded to in his work, almost establish his motive beyond doubt. But even at that early age, idolatry was too strong in the land to be combated with directly, far less to be put down. Vyasa, therefore, did all that a sensible man can be expected to do under such circumstances. He took all the unexceptionable parts of the Veds together, and compiled a compendious abstract, or rather a catalogue of proofs respecting theology, which he called the "resolution," or, as Sir W. Jones interpreted the term Vedanta, "the end and scope" of the whole scriptures. He could not deny to idolatry its pretensions to divine authority, for his own theory had with idolatry a common basis, and to deny the claims of the one were to break down those of the other. But he greatly exalted his faith over the current popular notions of religion, called one the creed of the wise, and the others those of the ignorant, and then left it to the choice of his readers to embrace whichever doctrine they preferred. It is certainly not to be doubted that his efforts greatly succeeded. His disciples were many, and their disciples again were a still more numerous body. But there were nevertheless subsequent relapses into idolatry, and we find Sancaracharpya in the 9th century after Christ, once more refuting the vulgar tenets, and recalling attention to the principles of the Vedanta. Since then, the Vedanta has been constantly read and taught all over India by the learned, and being the best system of religion in the country, appears always to have reckoned the more respectable portion of the community as its proselytes. Almost all the *pundits*, and the better section of the *dundees* and *sunyasees*, have acknowledged its theology as the most unexceptionable that the wit of man has yet propounded; and, in the present age, also, the most forward champions of the rising generation, disgusted with the popular superstitions of their country, have rallied around it under the plea of returning to the pure, philosophical principles of their faith.

But what is the theology of the Vedanta? Some have denounced it as one of the grossest forms of

* To this it may be objected that the same Vyasa is stated to have likewise composed the Maha Purans, which treat of the genealogies and exploits of gods, demi-gods, and heroes, but the objection will not be a powerful one, as in doing so, he merely compiled the vulgar belief. He was an indefatigable compiler, and won his surname, "Vyasa," by giving to all forms of religion prevalent in India, at the age he lived in, a local habitation and a name.

pantheism. But such men have certainly done it injustice. Vedantism admits, nay, is grounded, on the belief of an immaterial Creator, the fount and origin of the whole universe. How then can it with propriety be said to correspond with that insane theory, which denies that there is a Creator or a creation, and designates universal substance God? The God of the Vedanta is a sublime conception, perhaps as sublime as unaided human reason could have represented him. He is defined to be "a Spirit without passions, and separated from matter; pure wisdom and happiness; everlasting, unchangeable, and incomprehensible." He is also declared to be "sole existent, one without a second, uncreate, omnipotent, and infinite." There may be errors in this idea of the deity, nay, we shall venture to assert that, considered in the sense on which the Vedantists interpret it, there are; but, nevertheless, it is a noble one altogether, inculcating in strong language, the simplicity and unity of God. "The best idea that we can form of God," then, says the founder of the system, "is that he is light." Of this it may be said, that it gives us no idea of him at all. But even Milton has availed himself of the notion as a sublime one. It occurs also in the pages of the Bible,* and it would be absurd to set it down as impious.

So far pure natural theology and Vedantism, slight differences excepted, are the same. But this consonance of character is exceedingly short-lived, for Vedantism has peculiar dogmas to which the natural theologist can never agree to subscribe. If its expressive and exalted definition of theism conveys lofty and sublime conceptions of God, it cannot be denied, that that bright representation of the Deity, those lofty conceptions are again compromised by being intermingled with positions irreconcilable with the divine character. The Great Spirit, which it recognises as God, is spoken of as "void of qualities" by the Vedanta, not meaning thereby that his qualities do not partake of the nature of our qualities, and are different from what our notions represent them, but that he is destitute of them altogether. "Every attribute of a first cause exists in him," says Vyasa, "but he is void of qualities." This we believe may very fairly be interpreted to mean, that the physical attributes, or attributes of omnipotence, omnipresence, &c., are allowed to him, but not moral qualities, such as love, mercy, and benevolence; and we find it stated, that where such qualities are assigned to him, they have been resorted to, merely to suit the Vedanta theology to the understanding of young beginners, and not under any impression that they actually exist in him. Vyasa takes care explicitly to inform us, that, though on this point the texts of the Veds themselves should be found contradictory, some enduing the Creator with every quality, and others denying them to him altogether, "the latter only are to be considered truly applicable, and not the former, nor yet both."

* 1. John—i. 5.

He is also spoken of as a Being unconnected with his own creation, sitting aloof in a state of profound abstraction and inactive tranquillity, and enjoying unimpassioned blessedness "in the solitariness of his own unity." He is not recognised under the Christian idea of Providence, as an all-superintending and ever watchful agent, but in the idea of Epicurus, as one unencumbered with the management of the world, and free from the cares and vexations which attend such a charge. In the Suta Upanishad, Suta represents the deity "like one asleep," and Krishna, in the Gita, says, "these works (the universe) confine not in me, for I am like one who sitteth aloof, uninterested in them all." Where stray texts vindicate his watchfulness, it is only to be understood, that, like a mirror, he receives the shadows of all surrounding objects. He is no more watchful than a passive mirror!

Unlike Epicurianism, however, which struggles to demonstrate that the world has been formed by motion acting on matter, without the agency of a Supreme intelligence, Vedantism roundly, but unhesitatingly, attributes the creation of the universe to God. Everything that exists, says the Vedanta, has been created by an act of his will, and it declares that no motive need be assigned for such creation, besides that will. We are not however to understand that "he spake and it was done, he commanded and it stood fast." No. Dissatisfied with his own solitariness, he merely feels a desire to create worlds, and then the volition ceases, so far as he is concerned, and he sinks again into his apathetic happiness, while the desire, thus willed into existence, assumes an active character. This desire is severally called *maya*, *sacti* and *pracriti*, by different writers, and it is asserted, that by this *maya* was the universe created, without exertion on the part of Bruhmu. Says the Mundaca Upanishad, "God desired and willed, and forth issued his energy, and from his energy proceeded life, minds, elements, worlds, duties, and their fruits." In the Swetaswatara Upanishad, this *maya* is represented as "one unborn, red, white, and black, creating many beings of the same forms: through delighting in whom one man is sunk in slumber, and by forsaking whose allurements another becomes immortal;" and this is interpreted by Sancaracharpya to mean, that *maya* (or the one unborn,) possesses the qualities of impurity, purity, and darkness; that creatures formed by it are accordingly either affectionate, wise, or ignorant, and that whosoever delighteth in illusion, remains immersed in darkness, but whosoever despises it, and is able to distinguish the real nature of his soul, obtains eternal bliss. The Vedanta also represents *maya* as being that through which, or rather by means of which, the Deity, himself lost in calm repose, catches all the phenomena dependent upon the contemplation of the universe. This separation of energy from the god-head, is assuredly one of the boldest and obscurest conceptions ever hazarded by philosophy, and seems to have been adopted to obviate the difficulty of reconciling the origin of material substances from a purely spiritual source. "Of nothing comes nothing" appears to have

been an admitted principle with all the philosophers of India. It was not possible even for God to create matter out of nothing. But how then was it to be formed? Spirit alone existed, and the Hindu metaphysicians accordingly set themselves to educe matter from it by gradual modifications. But to maintain that real matter could ever be actually educed, even by any such process, from spirit, was so palpably paradoxical, that they were compelled to take refuge under the bold hypothesis of an independent *maya*, thus reducing all things in nature to mere phantasmagorian unrealities!

The first thing created by God, or rather produced by *maya*, was, according to Vyasa, ether, or void of space, as the word *acas* has been differently translated. From ether was educed air, from air fire, from fire water, and from water earth. And it was by the energy of God, and not by their own act, that they were so educed. But the things thus summoned into existence cannot yet be said to be actually existing. All bodies that exist, says the Vedanta, exist only so far as they are perceived, no more. The creation, so beautiful to look at, is only an illusion—the whole universe, with its multitudinous phenomena, a series of unreal perceptions. There is only one absolute unity really existing, and existing without plurality. But he is like one asleep. He willed it, and the universe was made, but the universe was made by *maya*, and not by him. As an effect is inseparable from its cause, this universe is necessarily of the same nature as *maya*, to which it owes its production; and *maya* is represented in the Vedanta as holding a position between something and nothing. It is both real and unreal—real, inasmuch as it is the cause of all that people usually look upon as real; but unreal, because it exists not as a being. It is not true, because it has no essence, and yet not false, because it exists as the power of God. The universe, in like manner, is real, because it appears so, but unreal because, in fact, it is only an appearance. "From the highest state of Bruhmu to the lowest state of a straw, all are delusion," says the text, and they would vanish into nothing, each element merging into one another in the reversed order of eduction, if that energy of the great spirit, to which they owe their origin, and which alone sustains the whole phenomenon, were for a moment to suspend its connection.

But the same course of evolution and absorption, says the Vedanta, cannot be affirmed of the soul, for it is not one of the productions of *maya*. Life is the presence of the Deity in illusion. Its emanation is no birth, nor original production. "The body is mere illusion," and, like all other illusion, is created and dissolved, but neither its creation nor its dissolution affects the soul; for "the soul is not subject to birth or death." "It is not a substance of which it can be said it was, it is, or it will be hereafter; for it is eternal and inexhaustible, and is incapable of perishing with the body." "That self-existent and eternal intelligence," thus speaks of it the Cutho Upanishad; "who is neither born nor dies, and who has neither proceeded from any, nor changed into any, does not perish when the body perishes." And

it is also declared to be con-substantial with God. Says Vyasa, "All life is Bruhmu." "He is soul, and the soul is he." "All life is a portion of the Supreme Ruler, as a spark is of fire." So also in the Vedanta Sara, "An *individuated* spirit differs from God no more than one tree differs from a forest;" and the commentator of that work, Rama Krishna Tirtha, observes, that the only object of the Upanishads is to explain that individuated souls are indentical with the soul of the world. "Who, standing in the earth, is other than the earth," says Yagnawalca to Uddalaca, "whom the earth knows not, whose body the earth is, who interiorly restrains the earth, the same is thy soul and mine." And Vach, daughter of Ambhrina, speaking of herself, says, "I am above the heavens, beyond this earth, and what is the Great One that am I." In the Rig Ved, it is mentioned that the aggregate life of all beings in existence constitutes a fourth part of God; but the Vedanta does not appear to recognise this sort of calculation by rule and compass. It only declares that the divine spirit, though differing in degree, is the same in nature with that of all living beings. It does not mutilate the Deity, for it maintains that individuated souls are portions parcelled without being actually cut off. The duty remains entire.

Human spirit then is the same as the spirit of God. "There is no difference," says Sadananda, "between the Supreme Ruler, and individual intelligences." "Both are pure life," or, in other words, man and the Deity are essentially the same. The Gita responds to the same sentiment. "The learned behold him, (God)" it says, "alike in the reverend Brahman perfected in knowledge, in the ox, and in the elephant," nay, "in the dog, and in him who eateth the flesh of dogs." Nor does the Vedantist stop here. The emanation of the soul, as it has just been explained, is no birth. The soul, says the text, "is neither *born* nor dies," nor is it a thing of which it can be said "it *was*, it is, or it will be." In the Veds themselves, it is declared to be "uncreate" and "eternal," and in the Gita, Krishna tells Arjun, that he and the other princes of the earth "never were not." We do not remember if any of the philosophers of Greece ever hazarded any similar dogma in building up their speculative theories. There were those indeed, who affirmed that God, passing through, pervaded all things; others, who maintained, that not only man, but brute animals, are allied to the Divinity, that one spirit, which pervades the universe, uniting all animated beings to itself and one another; and others, again, who asserted, that nothing at all consisted without God. But the views of none of these philosophers can be said to include the idea, which the expressions "uncreate" and "never were not," used in speaking of the human soul, are calculated to convey.

We should perhaps here observe, that this identity of the human soul with God, has been regarded by some Christian writers, as an evident proof of the pantheistic nature of the Vedanta religion. If the souls of men are homogeneous with that of the Deity, if the spirits of creatures

are uncreate and eternal, it follows as a necessary step, these authors have maintained, that they are each and all of them, gods. But this inference cannot be adopted. The God of the Vedanta is absolutely one, and the divine spirit in its state of plurality, therefore, is not God. Human spirit is the same as the spirit of God, indeed, but, says the text, "Human spirit is not God;" that is, a god in every soul is not the necessary inference. The Deity, though diversified in his creation, is not exhausted in the act. He still remains entire in himself, and that unity is God. Men partake of the divine nature but as sparks partake of the nature of fire. They do not, neither individually nor collectively, represent the infinite whole, and the infinite whole alone is God.

It has also been attempted to affix the charge of materialism on the Vedanta; that is, it has been attempted to demonstrate, that, according to it, God is matter as well as life. But this too is not the fact. God is indeed spoken of as "the efficient and the material cause of the world," and as "the cause of all things, as well as the things themselves." But it is also maintained, in explicit terms, God is a spirit, and immaterial, and, wherever he is mentioned as identified with matter, he is only identified as its source. Those expressions, therefore, that go to substantiate that he is matter also, are, we are persuaded, meant only to convey that he is the essence or the soul of matter. Actual matter, according to the Vedanta philosophy, has no real existence. Matter was neither created by God, nor co-existing with God, nor God himself. Nothing really exists but the first cause, and he is spiritual. All material substances are mere illusions, existing because pervaded by the energy of that spiritual first cause. The following quotation from the Gita may, perhaps, put the question at rest: "I am the moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, sound in space, human nature in mankind, sweet smelling savour in the earth, glory in the source of light; *in all things I am life;* and I am zeal in the zealous, and the eternal seed of all nature." There are texts also that mention that the perfect spirit is united to gross matter, and to material things only "as fire to red hot iron;" and that "He who dwelleth in all things, and is different from all things * * * is God."

But we are digressing from the immediate thread of our observations. The notion that the soul of man is con-substantial with that of his Maker, though not essentially pantheistic, is, as understood by the Vedanta, certainly very absurd, and one absurdity, thus philosophically laid down, will draw after it many others. He that errs concerning the nature of the human soul, must err concerning its destination. The Greek philosophers, who maintained that the souls of mankind are portions or emanations of the Deity, believed also, that, released from the body, they returned again to God. This is likewise the creed of the Vedantist, only that he maintains, that they only who have obtained a knowledge of God, are rewarded with absorption, and that the rest continue to migrate from body to body, so long as they remain unqualified for the same. "Superior to nature is God, who is omnipresent, and without material ef-

fects: by acquisition of whose knowledge man becomes extricated from ignorance and distress, and is absorbed into him after death." "Learned men having reflected on the spirit of God extending over all moveable and immoveable creatures, are after death absorbed into the Supreme Being." "The knower of God becometh God." "As rivers flowing merge into the sea, losing both name and form, so the knower of God, freed from name and form, merges in him, the excellent and glorious." This re-union with the Deity is identified with the attainment of the highest bliss, which even a state so high as that of Bruhmu does not afford, and it consists in the total loss of personal identity, which has been well compared with a drop of water losing itself in the vast ocean. "Future happiness," says Vashishta, "consists only in being so absorbed into the Deity, who is a sea of joy." In this absorption there are no grades of bliss, and from it there is no return. All who attain it, attain for ever complete, final happiness. Its acquirement, therefore, is declared to be the great business of life. It is not however to be obtained by penances and mortifications, nor by the performance of meritorious actions—"For works," says the text, "are not to be considered as a bargain;" and again, "the confinement of fetters is the same, whether the chain be of gold or iron." Says Sancaracharpya, in a comment on the Gita, "Knowledge alone, and that knowledge only which realizes every thing as Bruhmu, procures liberation." It enables the devotee to annul the effects of his virtues and vices. "All sins (good works, as well as misdeeds, are here meant by the term,) depart from him." "He traverses both, thereby," says the Vrihad Aranyaca Upanishad—both merit and demerit. "The heart's knot is broken, all doubts are split, and all his works perish," says the Mundaca. And the Cutho Upanishad asserts "there is no other way to salvation." "Oh, Parbutee!" exclaims also the Coolarnava, "except that knowledge, there is no other way to absorption."

The use of the understanding is, therefore, declared to be superior to the practice of deeds; for God is to be known only, says the text, "through the acute intellect constantly directed towards him by wise men of penetrating understandings." In the Varuni Upanishad, when Bhrigu asks his father Varuna to make known to him God, the sage tells him, "That spirit whence all beings are produced, that by which they live when born, that towards which they tend, and that into which they finally pass, seek thou to know, for that is Bruhmu:" and "seek him," adds the philosopher, "by profound meditation, for devout contemplation is Bruhmu." Perfect abstraction is, again, pronounced superior to this use of the understanding, for "when the senses and the mind are at rest," says the text, "and when the understanding is not occupied, that is the state for obtaining liberation:" and, again, "when the yogee renounces all assistance from the understanding, and remains without the exercise of thought, he is identified with Bruhmu, and remains as the pure glass when the shadow has left it." Though he is still connected with the affairs of

life, though he still eats and drinks, he is henceforth indifferent to the illusions which encompass him, and lives destitute of passions and affections, neither rejoicing in good, nor sorrowing in evil. He lives sinless ; for, " as water wets not the leaf of the lotus, so sin touches not him who knows God ;" and in such a state of perfection as to stand in no further need of virtue ; for " of what use can be a winnowing fan when the sweet southern wind is blowing." The subject matter of all his meditations in this condition are : " I am Bruhmu—I am life ;" " I am everlasting, perfect, perfect in knowledge, free from change; I am the self-existent, the joyful, the undivided, and the one Bruhmu." Or rather, " Neither I am, nor is aught mine, nor do I exist." "O God! I am nothing apart from thee." Nothing longer, says Siva, instructing Vishnu in the Suta Upanishad, will appear lovely or unlovely ; affection and hate will be annihilated, and the distinction of vice and virtue cease. Rites, offerings, and penances may purify offences, good actions may ensure a happy transmigration, but, it appears, that this state of mind only, this utter indifference to the world, this perfect abstraction from thoughts, this torpid recognition of the all-exclusive unity of God, can rescue the soul from its liability to future birth, and effect alike in life-time, as after death, that absorption which is the *ne plus ultra* of the Vedantist's highest aspiration.

But this knowledge of God is represented as excessively difficult of attainment, for man is begirt with illusion. " The mass of illusion," according to the Vedanta, " forms the inconceivable and unspeakable glory of God," for it is through illusion that his power is made manifest. It is the mask with which the Deity covers himself for his amusement, and " it is the producing cause of consciousness, of the understanding, of intellect, &c." But illusion, as each individuated being feels it, is merely the absence of wisdom, as darkness is nothing more than the absence of light. From it are begotten all our passions and affections, and all the bonds which tether us to life ; and on account of it only is the human soul, by some means not palpable, excluded from participating in the Divine Nature, and subject to virtue and vice, the passions and sensations, birth and death, and all the varied changes of this mortal state. It is this that makes a man believe that appearances have a real existence, that images and shadows are actual realities ; and that, not only this world really exists, but that he is nothing more than what he appears. It is this that makes God and soul, though con-substantial with each other, appear as distinct " as light and shadow." As a small cloud before the eye, though insignificant in itself, is, by its position, large enough to hide the sun, even so does this illusion screen the great Bruhmu from human understanding, and thus obstruct the attainment of that knowledge which alone can purchase our emancipation. Our ignorance is our bane.

To obviate this disadvantage, however, Vedantism extends indefinitely the term of man's probationary trial, and provides that the knowledge of God shall be attainable gradually, in the course of transmigrations, when it is found impracticable to be acquired in a

single birth. But, under such circumstances, the Veds must be resorted to for help. By perpetual meditation on God, says the Vedanta, " a man may acquire a true knowledge of him, even without observing the rules and rites prescribed by the Veds." But those who are incapable of such devout meditation—and the best proof of such incapacity is the non-attainment of the end—must attend to the helping instructions of the scriptures. He that cannot run on his own errand must keep a saddle-horse. A regular perusal of the Veds, a due performance of religious services, without entertaining expectations of present or future rewards, self-purification by atonements and mental worship, the renunciation of things forbidden by the Shastras, and, above all, meditation on God in the forms by which he is known, together with a conviction of the unprofitableness of things belonging to a transient and fleeting life, will, if strictly adhered to, ensure to the devotee an ascent after death to the heaven of Agni, and thence in succession to other heavens, till he reaches the abode or paradise of Bruhmu, where he obtains the boon of immortality, there to wait to make perfect his abstraction, or, if his attainment of wisdom be complete, to pass at once from thence to a re-union with God. The knowledge of God acquired gradually thus leads to absorption though the paradise of Bruhmu,—acquired directly, to direct assimilation.

Nothing short of this knowledge however can, under any circumstances, procure liberation. Works, it has already been mentioned, will never secure it. " Actions, performed under the influence of illusion, are followed by eight millions of births." And, again, says the text, " The path of action is full of darkness." Hence the wise are repeatedly told to despise them. They are directed only to seek the knowledge of God, and, " for the sake of divine knowledge, to withdraw the mind and the understanding from all objects of the earth." " Knowledge and works both offer themselves to man, the wise chooses the first, despising the second, while the fool, for the sake of advantage and enjoyment, accepts what leads to fruition." Some have attempted to explain that by works are meant only religious rites and observances. This, however, is not apparent. To us it appears that the term embraces both virtuous practices and religious austerities, and that the Vedanta repels good actions quite as much as evil deeds, is clear from what Vyasa says, that " the confinement of fetters is the same whether the chain be of gold or iron." " As an artizan taking his tools labors and undergoes toil and pain, but laying them aside, reposes, so is the soul a sufferer by means of its organs which propel it to action ; but, divested of them, and returning to the Supreme one, happy and at rest." And, says the Gita : " His wisdom is confirmed, who like the tortoise can draw in all his members, and restrain them from their wonted purposes." Apathy the Vedanta considers as the best criterion of holiness, and the man who becomes as unfeeling as a stone or a statue, attains the perfection of it. A wise man ought not only to have no passions, but ought to annihilate his desires and affections, and suppress every

act of consciousness and memory. He ought to do nothing, think on nothing, feel nothing, desire nothing, that nothing may disturb the quiet of his soul. He ought to be, says the text, " like a solitary lamp which burns peaceably, sheltered from all agitations of the air."

Those, however, who love works of merit, and perform them, shall not be entirely losers for their trouble. By their aid they will have the satisfaction of rising, step by step, on the arduous road to perfection, and the destruction of sin, and residence with the gods will be their reward. But in the heavens of the gods all enjoyment is temporary, and destined to terminate sooner or later as the deeds which they recompense might have been few or many. " All the regions between this (the earth) and the abode of Bruhmu afford but a transient residence," says the Gita, and, says the Sreemut Bhagvat: " When works are exhausted by enjoyment, and their effects thus spent, where will be the enjoyment ?" The souls thus temporarily happy will then have to return again to the miseries of the earth, but " with resulting influence of their former deeds," that is, obtaining a higher place here than they had enjoyed before. " A man whose devotions have been broken off," says the Gita, " by death, having enjoyed for an immensity of years the rewards of his virtues in the regions above, is born again in some holy and respectable family." A state of constant migration thus gives to all a chance of availing themselves of the only means held out for final liberation, and should any one in its course obtain the knowledge of Bruhmu, " having annulled by fruition other works which had begun to have effect, having enjoyed the recompense and suffered the pains of good and bad actions, he, on the demise of the body, will proceed to a re-union with God." But the world is not eternal, nothing is eternal but God, and the day will inevitably come when the whole creation, with all its magnificence and beauty—with its various scenes and various actors,—must pass away. In that general destruction of the universe all things will be absorbed in Bruhmu, even as earthen vessels of every description, when broken, return to the clay, from whence they were formed. But souls that seek salvation by works, and those whose impediments to absorption, that is, the influence of whose former actions may yet remain unconsumed, will pass only to a state of non-existence, and not of absorption, and shall be liable to be re-produced at the pleasure of the Deity at some future renovation of the world.

For the wicked are regions of retribution and torments, and transmigrations through degraded births proportioned to their crimes, and these sufferings to continue in perpetual evolutions till they should have expiated their sins, or till they are involved in the general wreck of the universe. Of sin and holiness, however, no precise rules are laid down. All the philosophers agree that " the candidate for future bliss must renounce the indulgence of the passions ;" and we are told to conquer our evil propensities, and to perform good acts ; for, though good acts will not obtain salvation, as a preparatory step, they are " indis-

pensible in the mind's approximation to God." But what will constitute a good act, and what not, is nowhere defined. What is agreeable to truth is good, and what is replete with error is evil, and what has a mixture of truth and error is imperfect. Nothing is good that does not serve to promote the attainment of the knowledge of God, and nothing can be bad that furthers this great object of human life.

It is not to be understood from anything that has been advanced, that Vedantism, upholding the knowledge of God as the great object of life, sets its face altogether against idolatry. Says the text: "This doctrine (of the knowledge of God) cannot be well comprehended, as it is very subtle." "Even gods were formerly involved in doubts respecting it." And it is presumed in divers places, that men of limited understanding will never be able to appreciate the theology of the wise, being incapable of raising their minds to the conception of a Deity declared to be both invisible and indescribable. For such men, the Vedanta tells us, the Veds have prescribed idolatry as a sort of mental exercise, calculated at once to secure them from the rock of atheism, and prepare their minds, by the adoration of representations, to resolve ultimately on God! They compose a numerous body, for all the lower castes are put down as incompetent for "theological studies and the gnostic attainments," and, along with them, the whole female sex. They, only, who are allowed to study the Veds, are authorized to seek the knowledge of God as inculcated therein. Says the text: "It is him (Bruhmu,) whom the *Brahmans*, by the word of the Veds, and by religious austerities, wish to comprehend." The instances of Maitreyi and Soolubha amongst women, and of Bidoor and Dhurmubyadha amongst Sudras, who attained beatitude by the knowledge of God, are exceptions. But exceptions do not disprove a rule.

Such are the principles of the Vedanta religion, principles which purport to be founded on the Veds, the oldest and most sacred works on Hindu theology; nay, which pretend to be their only and fundamental teaching. How far those pretensions are just, deserves to be enquired into; nor shall we avoid a discussion so materially important to our subject.

(To be continued.)

THE TOMB OF THE SUTTEE.

Come forth, my fairest, from your sheltered glade
Of thick-grown mangoes, where the white tents stand.
Half-hid, half-seen, beneath the chequered shade;
Come with me, (while day lingers,) hand in hand,
Among the meadows of the glimmering land.

A flood of fire surrounds the Sun's decline,
The hills throw long grey shadows on the plain,
Far off, the bells upon the necks of kine,
Make silver jangling from the creaking wain,
And pass away, and all is still again.
Shouts to his fellows now the housing hind;
The startled partridge whirrs his homeward flight;
The rocks and trees grow less and less defined,
Fainter and fainter every sound and sight;
And scarce the highest points retain the light.
Here, where the latest beams of day are thrown,
Gaze on this ruined pile, and name its name;
A weed-grown doorway, and a heap of stone,
And here a minaret, standing still the same,
And here the mortar dyed with hues of flame;
Bright as of old, the broken painting glows,
As if the Beautiful survived the Strong—
The wild-fig splits the cupola, and throws
Against the sky its frantic arms so long,
In all the petulance of vulgar wrong.
This place, where ruin mars the work of love,
Was made a monument, in years gone by,
Of one, with more than manhood's might who strove,
And conquered Death, by learning how to die,
And, silent, gave a ribald world the lie.
In such an hour as this; without a veil,—
Sorrow's devotion is not Earthly proud—
Here came, with features beautifully pale,
A youthful widow, 'midst a jostling crowd
Of self-applauding saints, and minstrels loud,
And loveless friends, exulting in her part,
As tho' it were their own, O! who can say,
What thoughts have struggled in her beating heart,
Through the long hours of that lone, weary day,—
What griefs, what hopes, what fears to pass away.
E'en now one shudder, as she mounts the pile;
The struggle passes; with a calm delight
She takes his head upon her breast; her smile
Is hid by flames, that, odorous and bright,
Rise canopied with smoke.
We gaze to-night
Upon her tomb, I and my fair-haired wife,
She, not unequal, should Love bid her dare,
As home we turn, asks "Does not duteous life
Make truer martyrdom, and sight more fair,
For men and angels, than one blank hour of despair?"

H. G. K.

THE FOLK AT OUR STATION.—NO. III.

MRS. MATCHEM AND HER CHICKENS.

PARADE is over, and here we are at the Race Course, seeing the horses take their morning canter. Tom Rasper is in all his glory, and his chum Edmunds is offering to bet "*five goold moor*" upon each horse in their stable, against each and every other horse in training, but can find no takers.

"Where's that long German with the swipy name?" sings out Rasper, as he passes the stand on his big Cape horse at a rattling pace, although about to take him a second time round the course.

"There's a sweet mover," says Edmunds, "I'll back him for the all horses for five goold moor; there ain't one in for the race as can touch him."

"Don't you think his action is a little high?" observes Colonel Noble, "I should be almost afraid that his legs would not stand such gallops upon this hard course; see how quietly the General's man takes his horses round at this early period of the training."

"Must get his fat down, Colonel."

"I would advise sweating in the stable for that, and plenty of walking exercise; I have my doubts about his coming to the post."

"Not a bit of fear about that, Colonel."

"Well, of course you know best, Edmunds, and it's no concern of mine. Are you for home, Fitz? if so, I will take a cup of coffee and a cheroot with you."

"By all means, Colonel, particularly as I do not see my guest here: there was a horse ready for him, and he promised to turn out, his dâk trip and the cricket match have, I dare say, knocked him up."

"By the way who, and what is Mr. Von Saufenbeer? You will excuse my asking such a question; it is no idle curiosity that prompts me."

"That I am sure of, Sir; my friend Ludovick was an Orphan; he resided with an uncle, a distinguished artist, who lived on Hayes Common, and wanted to make his nephew a painter; this he could not do, but he made him a gentleman, and has left him money enough to keep up a highly respectable position in society."

"And who were his parents?"

"His father, an officer in the King's German Legion, was killed at Waterloo; his mother was the only sister of one of our most eminent portrait painters. I can just remember her a pale, elegant woman, whose tenuity made her look even taller than she really was, and who on summer evenings used to sit and watch us at play on the lawn of Hayes Cottage; and when we became boisterous in our sports, I have seen a look of suffering upon her face; but if her brother mildly rebuked us, and bade us be less noisy in our games, she would smile sweetly on us, and tell him not to check us, for she loved to see us so happy."

"You seem to have a good memory, Fitz."

"Sometimes I fancy I have, Colonel; but I have certainly

a vivid recollection of many occurrences of my infancy, and as I grow older, things long buried in oblivion seem to rise up all fresh to memory, as if they had happened but yesterday. It was in autumn that, tired with play, Ludovick and I were sitting on a bench in the garden on either side of his mother; a cold breeze had sprung up, and the faded leaves were being swept from the trees above us. Mrs. Von Saufenbeer was gazing in silence at a most lovely sunset, when her brother approached us, and telling her it was getting too cold for her to remain out of doors, offered his arm to conduct her to the house; as she rose to accompany him, a strong gust of wind brought the dying leaves about us in a shower; he observed that we should soon see the last of them; she replied, "Yes! Frederick, and you will see them green again, but I never shall. They will live again, again to fade, while I too shall live again, but never, oh! never to die like them." I saw her brother turn his head, and fancied that he wiped a tear from his calm blue eye; he smiled at her, but spoke not."

"And where is Mrs. Von Saufenbeer now?"

"Where nothing fades, and her good kind brother is doubtless with her. The last time I remember to have seen her was on Christmas eve, when a party of children was assembled in the snug little dining room at Hayes; the old gentleman was merrier and more full of fun than any child there; while she, propped upon pillows, sat in an easy chair by the fireside, and regarded our sports with her usual joyous smile: how great was my childish surprize to hear, a few days after that, she was dead. I sat with tearful eyes, and called to mind her soft gentle voice encouraging us in our gambols, her smile of pleasure as she watched our merry pranks, and the radiant bloom upon her beautiful face, and said to myself, could such be the signs of coming death! I knew nothing then of the most insidious and fatal of all diseases—consumption."

"Those were hardly the reflections of a child; how old were you then, Fitz?"

"Nine years old; but doubtless it is only the circumstances that were impressed upon my youthful mind; the reflections are probably, as you suggest, the offspring of maturer years; still little children, or I am much mistaken, Colonel, think more deeply than we children of a larger growth give them credit for."

"You have given me a new idea, Fitz, I must keep it in mind, while I watch the development of intellect in my grand-children. Then, after all, your friend Mr. Von Saufenbeer is not a man of high rank?"

"No higher than most German gentlemen, with the prefix Von to their names."

"Why, Mrs. Matchem has it that he is the Hereditary Grand Duke of some German Principality, travelling incognito."

"Poor Von, he will sink under such 'honor thrust upon him;' we must keep up this joke."

Arriving at the bungalow, I found my friend asleep, and, determined to take a rise out of him, I woke him up, and told him that "one of the magnates of the station was awaiting His Royal Highness' leisure to pay his respects." "Royal Devil," shouted

Ludovick, jumping out of bed and rushing after me into the verandah, running against Colonel Noble, who was standing close beside the door.

"I beg your pardon, Colonel."

"It is I who must apologize to your Royal Highness; I trust you are not hurt."

Ludovick opened his eyes with astonishment; he looked from the Colonel to me, and from me to the Colonel, like a man in a dream, while we both preserved a most respectful silence: at last he said—

"This is some humbug of your's, Master Fitz! you shall suffer for it. What nonsense has he been telling you, Colonel Noble?"

"Put on your dressing gown, Ludovick, and come out here; coffee is ready, and you shall hear all I know of the matter."

In a few minutes Ludovick re-appeared, his red morocco slippers, resplendent morning gown, with its silken waist band and tassels, and his velvet cap richly embroidered with gold, did not escape the quick eye of Mrs. Matchem, who drove past at the moment he entered the verandah: she had already taken the bait prepared for her by some mischievous individual, and this served to fix the hook: she went home convinced that Captain Porter was correct, and the stranger really a German Grand Duke; only one thing puzzled her, which was, why so distinguished a personage should have taken up his residence with such an humble individual as Mr. Fitz Fulke.

Ludovick was soon made acquainted with the reports in circulation regarding him, and laughed heartily at the idea of being elevated to such an exalted position. The Colonel having invited us to dinner in the evening, took his leave, having first however entered into a conspiracy to humour Mrs. Matchem's belief in the Royal extraction of my guest. No sooner had the Colonel left us, than Ludovick asked me for some account of Mrs. Matchem and her family, and having nothing particular to do, and my chum not having returned home, I at once proceeded to sketch the amiable circle, to the best of my ability.

"Mrs. Matchem is the widow of a Colonel, and has four daughters, and two pretty nieces—the latter are kept too much after the fashion in which Cinderella was treated. I am not fond of dancing, but whenever I see either of the Misses Graham sitting out, I make a point of soliciting her hand for the dance, if it be a quadrille, and if it be a waltz, endeavour to get her a partner, for which I shall in future reckon upon you, Ludovick."

"And as the young ladies are pretty you will find me ready: but how comes it that being so, they are ever in want of a partner: are they silly, or wanting in animation?"

"Neither. They are quiet, unassuming girls, cast into the shade by their more showy and pretending cousins; but to return to the Lady dominante of the family. Mrs. Matchem being the widow of a Colonel, is consequently the second lady in rank in our station, and such a stickler is she for etiquette, that if we were to call on any one, save the Commissioner's lady, before waiting upon her, she would,

if she was aware of such fact, close her doors against us."

"The dame appears so exacting, that I am surprized that she should be tolerated."

"Why, you see she is valuable, and she knows it; the young men who are fond of balls must keep on good terms with her : ladies are scarce in India, hardly more than one to three gentlemen at most stations, so that it would be highly inexpedient to offend one, who would at once withdraw half-a-dozen from any contemplated party. Mrs. Matchem may not be loved, but she is feared, she is powerful, and does not scruple to use her power."

"She would soon find her proper level in English society."

"Undoubtedly she would; people at home would hardly humour one of her odiously vulgar fancies, which is, to be addressed as "*Mrs. Colonel Matchem.*" Last month she gave an evening party,—tea and turn out, as Rasper called it—to the infinite horror of all the family, except the Graham girls, who would have laughed if Aunt's eye had not been on them. The ladies termed this a "*Soirée Musicale,*" being an extension of their monthly "*Thé dansant.*" The invitation ran in the usual style—Mrs. Colonel Matchem, &c. Our Ensign's wife, who is a wicked merry little black-eyed beauty, and loves a joke, but more particularly at the expense of Mrs. Matchem, commenced her reply with—*Mrs. Ensign Pleydell Bouverie*, and sealed her note with a coat of arms, with I know not how many quarterings. Loud were the complaints of the grand dame, and bitterly did she inveigh against the impertinence of the Ensign's wife towards her,—the relict of a full Colonel."

"What a fool the woman must be!"

"Then she verifies the old adage, that 'it takes a wise person to make a fool;' so much for the old hen, now for the chickens. The four young ladies being, I presume, desirous of pleasing all tastes as far as possible, adopt very distinct lines: four sisters more unlike each other in all respects it would be a difficult matter to find, and yet after all not one of them seems to have hit upon the proper line, to please the taste of any of the select few, whom Mrs. Matchem deems eligible."

"Eligible for what?"

"For husbands."

"And what may be the requisites which constitute this eligibility?"

"I cannot exactly say; Civilians of course stand first on the list, a Chaplain or a Surgeon would also rank high, Officers on the General Staff would be snapped at, a Captain, or a Regimental Staff Officer out of debt, would not I fancy be rejected, provided he had four thousand rupees ready cash, but that is indispensable."

"What for?"

"To be handed over to Mrs. Matchem, for providing a suitable outfit for the young lady, and furnishing a house for her."

"Why, this is absolutely selling the girls; surely, Fitz! you must be romancing, or indulging in scandal."

"Not so, I assure you; such was the proposition actually made to a Civilian, who offered to Cecilia Matchem, and he was so dis-

gusted, that he left the station the following evening."

"I will not believe that any woman could thus traffic in her own flesh and blood."

"Nor would I, Ludovick, only I saw it under her own hand and seal; however let us drop the subject; it is not a pleasant one; and describe the young ladies in order. Georgiana, the eldest, talks book; she is all mind, with a good lump of body to encumber the essence: she affects to despise accomplishments as beneath the attention of a woman of sense, and then sits down to the piano, and plays quadrilles and waltzes in a really brilliant style, with an air as much as to say, 'Look how I can do it.' She never dances, because she cannot imagine how people can possibly find any amusement in making themselves hot in jumping about. Porter says, Georgiana has not a pretty foot, and Lawley adds that he thinks she halts a little; they ought to know, for they are the two most frequent visitors at the house."

"Do you not think Georgiana might b induced to dance with an Hereditary Grand Duke?"

"Not if she has any personal defect, which might be betrayed thereby; besides, she would, I think, rather pique herself upon having strength of mind to resist such a temptation; she prides herself upon possessing a strong mind, only no one has yet been able to discover what constitutes the strength of hers."

"Well, I will ask her to dance this very day, for she is to be at Colonel Noble's this evening."

"She will very likely decline the honor in German, which I hope you will be able to understand. Young Skiffington, who was two years resident in the family of a Protestant Clergyman at Hamburgh, swears that her German is very unlike what he learnt there, and she insinuates that he is little better than a fool; that he can have no soul, for he does not admire Goëthe or Schiller, more than Shakespear or Milton, and actually prefers Byron and Moore to all four. I should not wonder if you are asked to decide the *questio vexata*. Schulwtz, the Missionary, gave it against the lady, and Mrs. Matchem withdrew her name from the subscription list to the charity schools."

"I have made up my mind already; I shall decide in favour of the fair; I must not quarrel with such influential people, or I shall be degraded from my high rank."

"Next comes Cecilia, a marked contrast to her elder sister, being tall, thin, and a blonde, while Georgiana is a brunette, and makes up in breadth for deficiency in height; the latter is almost always dressed in pink, while the favorite colour of the former is blue; Cecilia is the musician of the family, practices four hours daily, and will treat you to-night to a rondo half an hour long, and probably pour into your ears her regrets that she has such a bad voice, and is consequently precluded from doing more than taking a second in a duet, or a part in a glee: she is moreover an artiste; books full of "scenes on the river," "sketches in the jungles," and "studies from the old masters," cover the drawing-room tables, while the walls are ornamented with portraits of all the family, half-a-dozen at least of each; fortunately the name of the

individual whom it is intended to represent is written under each likeness, so you need not make any mistake regarding them, or the busts that adorn sundry niches in the room either, to which you have a similar guide."

"But is there really no merit in these works of art?"

"I can discover no artistic merit in them, but then I do not profess to be a judge in such matters; however they prove that their fair creator possesses the sterling quality of unwearying industry, which might perhaps be devoted to the pursuit of some worthier object. Cecilia will talk for hours together about Painters and Sculptors; she knows the name of every renowned limner, and every famous carver, from Xeuxis and Apelles, down to the last Royal Academician,, and from Phidias and Praxiteles, to Flaxman and Chantrey: she will moreover describe to you their great works, in doing which she occasionally puts me right upon points upon which I have been wrong all my life. I shall mention to her that you have a magnificent gallery in your castle in Germany."

"For Heaven's sake spare me, I could not stand the infliction of such a walking catalogue."

"If you behave yourself, I may forbear, for the visitation would be a heavy one. Now for number three. Augusta is the vocalist, and if power of voice constitutes fine singing, she need fear few rivals, but it seems to me that her high notes approximate too closely to a scream, and unless my ear deceives me, the instrument is frequently a little out of time, for of course so finished a vocalist could not sing false notes."

"I fear you are a little satirical thism orning, Fitz; perhaps you are dyspeptic,—the hot supper and the brew may have disagreed with you."

"Perchance they have; however to continue. It is quite astonishing to hear the volume of voice that issues from that little dumpy body. I do not set up for a connoisseur in music, and am therefore not ashamed to confess, that one of Moore's melodies, or Heman's plaintive ballads, warbled by Emily or Mary Graham, has an enhanced charm for me, after listening, or rather not listening to Augusta Matchem's Italian Bravura."

"Why, you are a greater Goth than ever! You admit that you prefer English to Italian music, and that without a blush. I suppose next you will give the palm to some mournful Scotch ditty over our soul-stirring German minstrelsy, or a French chanson."

"Not at all, Ludovick! I certainly am no great admirer of French vocalism, but freely grant that their orchestra and military bands are exquisite, and I long to sit once more in a stall at the opera, and listen to the ravishing strains of Grisi or Sontag, the rich deep bass of Lablache, and the brilliant tenor of Tamburini, or to hear again one of your national operas sung by a German company. I can appreciate a German song from yourself, or even a *chanson a boire* from a lively Gaul, but I do not admire songs in a foreign tongue from English ladies."

"Well, am I to conclude that these Misses Graham are favorites of yours?"

"You may, but I must not come to them yet; there is one more of the Matchems proper—Matilda, by far the youngest of the family, and the pet; so pretty, so delicate, so simple, and yet withal so full of enthusiasm. Georgiana has christened her "*ma chère petite*;" she requires the constant care and attention of the whole of the family: she is a genius, but she does not know it; a poetess, but would faint if she thought her sweet fugitive pieces were exposed to vulgar eyes; so modest, that she seeks to conceal them; but her sisters obtain possession of them by stealth, and show them to their friends as a particular favour. In fact she is an embryo L. E. L., and you will have to write some stanzas or a sonnet for her Album."

"She will truly be a genius if she makes a rhymer of me, but now tell me something regarding the pretty cousins?"

"They are the daughters of Mrs. Matchem's brother; he died of a fever contracted during the Cole campaign, and his young widow did not long survive him; they have nothing beyond their stipend from the Orphan Fund; but I question if this allowance is not sufficient to keep them, and if Mrs. Matchem spends more in their support, though she does take so much credit to herself for all she has done for her brother's children."

"Which of course cancels all the obligation. They must eat the bread of bitterness, poor girls."

"If they do, they never complain; they have been well brought up, educated by a sister of their mother's, who would have kept them in England, but the vile rules of the Orphan Society required that they should return to India, on attaining the age of eighteen, or forfeit their allowances from the Institution: they have many kind friends. Mrs. Stapylton, our Commissioner's lady, constantly has them to spend the day with her. Mrs. Matchem would perhaps check the frequency of these visits, but she dare not offend the burra beebee."

"And what is a burra beebee? Can't you talk your own mother tongue?"

"The burra beebee is the principal lady in the station; we have a bad habit of interlarding our conversation, and writings also, with Hindoostanee words,—but to return to the young ladies. Mrs. Bartlett, who is very fond of them, says they are the most amiable creatures in the world, or would not put up with all they have to submit to."

"I always feel sympathy for the oppressed, and shall make a point of being attentive to these young ladies: do they dress well?"

"I should say, yes! they prefer a simple muslin robe, with a bouquet of flowers by way of ornament, to the cast-off silks and satins of their cousins, in which their Aunt wished to array them, an indignity they positively refused to submit to. Mrs. Bartlett was, I fear, the instigator of the rebellion, which might have been a serious affair, had not Mrs. Stapylton supported the rebels: with her for an ally, victory was speedily secured. If you are attentive to the Misses Graham, you will win Mrs. Bartlett's heart at once; but a German Prince is too great a card not to be made the most of. Mrs. Matchem and her swans will monopolise you."

"Then, as Colonel Noble proposed, I will 'fool them to the top of their bent.'"

"Pray do so, Ludovick, but we must dress, or we shall be late for breakfast, which will put Mortlock out; he has been in his dressing room for the last ten minutes, and he likes to smoke his chillum after breakfast, before he starts for the Colonel's house, where he attends on duty at 11 o'clock daily, and is never a minute behind his time.

REGLD. FITZ FULKE.

MILO.

THIS Milo, to give a proof of his astonishing force, was wont to take a pomegranate which, without squeezing or breaking it, he held so fast by the mere strength of his fingers that nobody was able to take it from him—"nobody but his mistress," says Œlian.

GILBERT WEST'S PINDAR.

I.

WHEN ancient Milo, in his hand,
The round pomegranate fruit would clasp,
No brawny wrestler in the land
Could wrench it from his nervous grasp.

II.

And though the knotted sinews rose,
And though the red veins swelled with might,
Nor broken rind nor juice disclose
The iron seizure, true as tight.

III.

But one there was could take the prize,
Far stronger than the strong was she,
A maiden with such sunny eyes,
As speak thy clime, O Italy!

IV.

His teeth are clenched as if in pain,
The muscles of his face expand;
But see in smiles they sink again,
And nerveless now becomes the hand.

V.

For taper fingers touch his wrist,
And she is there—the child of May—
And like an iceberg, sunbeam-kissed,
The might of Milo melts away.

M.

NOTES ON THE KINGDOM OF OUDHE.

Oudhe, one of the most fertile provinces of Northern Hindostan, extends over a plain, estimated at about 23,950 square miles. Intersected, as it is, by an infinity of rivers and nuddees, (of which the principal, besides the Ganges, which separates it from the Dooab, are the Goghra, the Goomtee, the Dayoha, the Chotra, the Sery, the Kuthence, and the Tonsa,) it is extremely well watered, and the soil in consequence rendered fruitful and productive. Most of the nuddees of minor importance than those I mentioned, which in the dry season form ravines, and may be crossed almost dry-shod, swell in the rains to an enormous size, and generally overflow their banks, so that whole districts are often quite inundated.

A friend, then in temporary command of a king's regular regiment, writing in September 1850, says—" The march from Esinugger was very disagreeable; the roads were all covered with water varying in depth from 2 to 5 feet. Streams which I had crossed in the dry weather about ankle deep, are now as broad as the Goghra. The first day I encamped at 5 coss distance on the only dry spot I could find; the second day, I intended to have proceeded about the same distance, but could find no encamping ground, and was compelled to march to this place, where I arrived at night."

The nuddees, however, seldom desert their channels, however winding they may be, on account of their flowing mostly (as for example the Goomtee) through hard kunkur banks. Jungles of vast extent of long grasses or prickly briars, such as dhâk, akkar, karinda, barragad, mookya, bair, &c., abounding with all sorts of game. Neelgaes, bungaelees (wild cattle), hogs, deer, and hares, are very numerous throughout the country, and very frequently afford ready shelter, and, if defended, almost inaccessible strongholds to Thugs, Dacoits, and refractory Zemindars, flying from the oppression of the Chucklidars or Amils, (the contracting governors of districts). Wolves, jackals, and foxes are the most numerous inhabitants of the jungle, but the hyena, the wild cat, and principally in the Teraee, the tiger, are also to be met with. The most remarkable game birds are the wild goose, the wild duck, the partridge, the dove, and the quail; green parrots and jays are also exceedingly numerous, as are also the other common Indian birds.

The principal characteristic during part of the winter, and the whole of the summer season of the climate of Oudhe, is dryness. The thermometer rises in the latter as high as 115° in the shade at times, and has been known to fall as low as 29° in the former, but the mean temperature of the atmosphere is 76°. In the hot weather, the air is filled with fine sand or dust, which gives the horizon a gloomy appearance. Sandstorms are then very frequent, and often resemble hurricanes in violence. The most remarkable phenomenon of this kind,

that I have ever witnessed, occurred on the 9th of June 1849. It came on about eleven o'clock in the morning, and was announced by a howl set up by people running in one direction, and a low moan or whistling from the North West. I rushed to the window to see its approach. A thick black cloud, extending over a breadth as far as the eye could reach, but not more than 30 or 40 feet high, came *rolling* on very slowly, and I had full five minutes to see its approach. I had scarcely time to close the venetians, when it burst upon us with terrific violence, and obscured the sky in such a manner, that I could not see even an outline of an object. This complete darkness lasted about ten minutes, after which it gradually diminished till the air appeared of a light orange color. In 23 minutes time by my watch, the sky was almost as serene as before, but though doors, venetians, and glass-windows had been closed, tables, chairs, and whatever else was in the room, were covered with dust, a tenth of an inch thick. It did a good deal of mischief; many huts were thrown down, and several large trees blown down. The Hindoos call this the coming of Makna Deo, a great giant, whose immense body, they imagine, sweeps over the surface of the earth and covers the sky with the darkness of his shadow. The hot winds commence usually towards the end of March, or the beginning of April, till July, when the rainy season sets in.

The decay of vegetation at this time produces in many parts of Oudhe, but more especially in the districts of Bayraitch and the Teraee, a very unhealthy climate. The land there is very low and marshy, and the water of a disagreeable taste. Fever and ague prevail to a great extent, and there are some villages, about 12 miles from the Nepâl territories, to proceed to which would be attended with almost certain death to a European, and indeed even natives of other parts of the country, who go there, seldom return. After a few hours' illness they expire.

No climate can, however, be finer than that of Oudhe, during the cold season, which commences about the end of October, and terminates in February. The mornings and nights are even chilly, and the grasses in the garden are then often covered with hoar frost, while the temperature during the day is most delightful.

Oudhe yields grain of all sorts (excepting rice), also sugar-cane, cotton, the oil-plants, indigo and poppies, but the manufacture of these latter into indigo cakes and opium is far inferior to that of the same articles in the Company's territories. The country is however not famed for the excellence of its fruit, which is only found superior in private gardens. The indigenous mangoes are small, full of thick fibres, and by no means equal to the same fruit of Bengal.

Owing to the prevailing revenue system, bad at all times, but worst at the present moment, under the mal-administration of the all-powerful Minister Ally Nucky Khan, the cultivation is not by any means so well attended to as the fertility of the soil, (which yields two crops of grain annually, the khareef and the rubby, the harvest of the first being in autumn, and that of the latter in spring,) would warrant us to ex-

pect. The rapacity of the Chuckli-dars, the multitude of Dacoits and Thugs sheltered in the numerous forts of the Talooqdars, at war with the Amils, and the number of robber Zemindars, who infest the country, render life and property alike insecure in this unfortunate country. I have travelled several times into the districts of Oudhe, and passed over tracts of unculti-vated, though rich, lands, without meeting a single individual, and through villages, wholly desert-ed, and with nothing but bare walls for houses, from which the roofs had been taken away by the wretched fugitives, who, on the approach of troops, seek re-fuge in the jungles with their families, cattle, and the little pro-perty that may have escaped the rapacity of the Zemindar, who, instead of being the pro-tector, is but too frequently the robber of the helpless ryots.

The commerce of Oudhe, ex-cept what relates to imports, is very inconsiderable. Scarcely any articles find their way into it, except viâ Cawnpore, and trade is chiefly confined to Lucknow. Copper, lead, brass and iron are however mostly brought from Ne-pal. The custom-house duties are very heavy, and are chiefly on cloths, but spirits and wines, and articles of purely European con-sumption, pass toll free. There is a limited export of buffalo hides, but this trade is confined to Europeans only, or their Agents. Grain has never been a staple article of export. It has always been consumed in the country, and as the great men of Oudhe usually employ a large number of retainers, no superfluity of it re-mains. More might certainly be cultivated; but a country with-out even an apology for roads, excepting that between Lucknow and Cawnpore, cannot be sup-posed to be flourishing in trade. Besides, even if there were better means of transport, a duty im-posed upon every article sold would discourage the most en-terprising native merchant. No goods could be sent up by the river Goomtee, as they would be at the mercy of every Talooq-dar, through whose estates they must pass; and if the boat even were to escape being plundered, the merchant would not fail be-ing subjected to the exactions of the arbitrary lord of the land.

The chief articles of import are matchlocks and swords from Goojerat and Lahore, with which almost every man, and even boy, is provided; and also cloths of all kinds, but especially satins and silks, which are in great de-mand for the Court and the Be-gums of the Nawabs. Pehannee and Muchraita are the places most remarkable for the excel-lence and durability of their swords. Those manufactured at the former place are justly prized for their strength and sharpness, though they do not, in the opi-nion of the natives, come up to those imported from Goojerat. Pehannee (or Peyaunee, as it is spelt in the map of Oudhe) is about 10 coss from Seetapore, and about 68 miles N. N. W. from Lucknow, in the town of Khoo-rumpore.

Matchlocks are also manufac-tured; and the town of Judees-pore, in the Sultanpore district, 58 miles from the capital, is famed for the excellence of its spear-heads. Salt, saltpetre, gunpow-der, sugar, and coarse cotton-

cloths and blankets, a thin sort of glass, and dyes, are also manufactured in Oudhe. Saltpetre especially is very extensively made, and this article is considered of superior quality to any that find their way into the Calcutta market; one native firm alone, that of Shah Beharee Lall and Rugber Deal, manufacture to the extent of 60,000 rupees a year. There are always a number of competitors for purchasing their saltpetre in particular. There is however little of internal trade, as the total absence of roads and bridges, in a country intersected by rivers and nullahs, presents the most formidable obstacles to any thing of the kind. It is only when the country shall be under a more liberal government, that the sources of its wealth will be fully developed.

The inhabitants of this country are remarkable for their fine athletic make, their soldierly bearing, and their warlike appearance, whether Hindoos or Mussalmen. The former, who constitute the chief strength of the Oudhe and Company's armies, are mostly Brahmins and Rajpoots, a small minority however being composed of Aheers. The height, strength, and martial look of the Oudhe sepoys, cause them to be eagerly enlisted for the Company's service, in preference to natives of the same castes from our territories. Their outward appearances do not generally belie their real qualities. Their courage sometimes borders on ferocity, and, in the frequent petty wars between Zemindars and Chucklidars, is often put to the test. Their sense of honor in many instances is as keen as a European's; but theirs is such a mixture of honesty and deceit, of truth and of falsehood, of bravery and cowardice, that to analyze their characters would be a matter of considerable difficulty. Murders are common, and in their estimation killing is not so great a crime as we reckon it to be. A man will tell you with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable, that he has been cutting off such a person's head in such a family quarrel, and where a European murderer is haunted by his victim's spectre in dreams, and is tormented by his conscience, a native, less sensitive, does not even bestow a thought on his evil deed, or, if he does, speaks of it with exultation. The upper classes of natives are remarkable for their politeness and polished manners, and distinguishable for many good qualities, with which we generally, judging only from our servants, perhaps do not credit them.

One of the tribes most worthy to be noticed is the race of Pasees, a set of people, which, I believe, is confined peculiarly to Oudhe. They live chiefly in the Banghor district, in the northern part of this kingdom. They are generally short, though a good many are of the usual height, square shouldered, and well built. They are brave, active, and strong, and characterised as much by their extreme cunning and deceitfulness as—paradoxical as it may appear—for their honesty. They seldom till the soil: agriculture is not their forte. They are professional thieves, and steal every thing they can lay a hand on, from a horse to a pair of old shoes. In fighting, they make use of bows and arrows, which practice and

strength enable them to throw with unerring aim. Their bow has generally a double curve, and is made of horn. When using it, they support it on the ground and bend it with their toe and right hand. But their mode of warfare is chiefly a guerilla system. In the Bunghor districts, the report of a gun brings together thousands of these brave little fellows, and by a mutual compact probably made by their ancestors, or hallowed by custom, they are bound to assist any Zemindar against the King's troops, whenever he chooses to declare himself against the Chucklidar, without of course enquiring whether the cause be just or otherwise. They are often employed as watchmen and chowkedars, and as such, prove remarkably faithful and honest. A man may send them with any sum of money, however large, without fear of their appropriating the least part of it; but when they are not held responsible, they rob and steal to their heart's content. There are two large Ragpusseas, or chiefs of the Pasee caste, but a very large proportion serve under Talooqdars as armed retainers. Their caste is a very low one. The Rungers are of another, but a similar caste. They are known to have great powers of endurance. One of them, while hid under a heap of hay in a stable, where he had concealed himself to steal a fine horse, happening to disturb the animal, allowed the syce, who was not aware of the thief's presence, to hammer an iron peg right through his hand, without uttering a sigh even. He had then the intrepidity to extricate the mangled limb with his right hand, to loosen the horse, and to gallop off with it. At Bettay, where Elderton lost his life, the Pasees were the chief defenders of the fort. One of the Chucklidars wishing to punish them for the part they had taken in that engagement, from a mistaken notion to please us, threatened to exterminate the whole race, and to make good his menace, commenced by throwing a whole family into a well, and then building it up. Of course no notice was taken of this act of barbarity, and I believe few are aware of it.

To the system of the internal government of this province and the mode of collecting the revenue, we must ascribe principally the wretched condition of Oudhe. The division of the province of Oudhe has undergone various changes. The number of Chucklas, or districts, is now about twenty-three, but this is not a permanent arrangement. The Minister can at any time change the number or boundaries of these districts. The revenue has dwindled down to a mere trifle, compared with what the Chucklidars during the Vuzeerships of Hakeem Mehndee, Monaver-ood-Dowlah, and Shirf-ood-Dowlah paid into the treasury; but Oudhe has always yielded far more than the contracting governors of the districts paid in. The bribes they have to give for their appointments, and the profit they derive from the speculation, which scarcely ever ends in loss, amount to half as much on an average, as the revenue the King receives from them. Thus, in the hands of the British Government, or in the King's Government under British Officials, Oudhe would yield a quarter of the amount of revenue *above* what it has produced dur-

ing the most flourishing days of the kingdom. Gonda Baraitch, for which but eight years ago Meer Hadee Ally paid 23 lakhs, and which could not have produced less than 27 lakhs, has lately been made over to Kishen Sahay for 16 lakhs only. Mahumdee also yielded no less than 18 lakhs, though the Chucklidar paid in only 9; but now the Amil can with difficulty afford to pay *three* lakhs into the treasury and make a profit. Rajah Durshun Sing, during Hakeem Mehndee's Ministry, got no less than 40 lakhs of rupees from the Jugdispore, Sultanpore, Rath Havaylee, and Pertabgurh districts (now united into one Chuckla), though he contracted for but 22 lakhs; now Agah Saheb pays but 17 lakhs. Bainswara, at present split into three Elaqas, was held by Roshun-ood-Dowlah (the same who afterwards became Prime Minister,) for twenty-two years, during the whole of which period he could afford to send in an annual sum of eighteen lakhs; it yields but thirteen at present. Russoolabad and Shuffeepore were held by the same Amil, who paid three lakhs; and Mohaun, for which 1,15,000 was gladly paid to the Minister Motom-ood-Dowlah by Wajid Ally Khan, now yields the King between 50 and 80,000 only. Sundeela was governed by Rajah Mahy Lall for eighteen years, when 10 lakhs were annually sent in. Sandee Palee, for which Mungli Persad, during Roshun-ood-Dowlah's Ministry, paid 4½ lakhs, produces to the State at present only three. Bunghor, or the Teraee, during Delaram's Chucklidaree, produced for twenty years seven lakhs. It has decreased to four. For Baree, Khajah Gholam Hossein, twelve years ago, paid 9 lakhs. It does not even produce six now. Sidha Lall, for twenty years, paid Government 3 lakhs for Goshaengunge and Bijnour; together they do not yield more than two lakhs and twenty thousand. Dewah Koorsee is almost converted into a wilderness, scarcely 50,000 rupees can now be obtained from the Amil, though 3 lakhs was the usual revenue paid in during the Hakeem's time. Indeed Sabshikar Khan but very recently gave the present Minister 1 lakh and 85 thousand rupees. And the district of Lucknow, which General Ekbah-ood-Dowlah procured for his Moonshee Gholam Muntazzer on a promise of paying into the treasury 6 lakhs, now produces but 3 lakhs and 15,000. The number of rent-free lands, or Jagheers, which Wajid Ally Shah has granted to his favorites, to the Minister, his Begums, and others, must considerably diminish the annual income. The decrease of revenue is chiefly, if not solely, owing to the formation of a limited number of Talooqs, in place of the very numerous petty Zemindarees, of which the country formerly consisted. The Amils, caring of course nothing for the interests of their successors, were easily bribed to transfer estates from peaceful and inoffensive persons to already powerful Talooqdars. Many villages were also conquered by the sword, and forcible possession taken of them. These additions to their landed property naturally enabled the Talooq holders to become virtually independent of government, and when revenue is demanded, in some measure to re-

sist it. This often leads to many very serious engagements between themselves and the Chucklidars, supported by King's troops. But of this more afterwards.—The Royal Treasury is at present all but empty, and though the revenue of last year amounted to nominally one crore and two lakhs, a pretty considerable part of it is not forthcoming. The Khyrabad Chucklidar, now in prison, failed in above 4 lakhs of rupees, and the loss the Oudhe Government suffered from similar defalcations, and the escape of Amils into our territories, where their ill-gotten property is safe, is something enormous.

Subjoined is a list of the Chucklas into which Oudhe is divided, of the Amils who hold them, and the amount of revenue each district now yields, compared with what was formerly paid into the Treasury. The total of the *average* revenue during the ministry of Hakeem Mehndee was one crore and forty-two lakhs :—

Names of Chucklas.	*Names of Amils now holding them.*	*Amount of Revenue at which the Contract was taken this year.*	*Amount of Revenue yielded during the most flourishing times of Oudhe.*
1. Mahumdee, ...	Kishen Sahay, ...	Rs. 3,00,000	Rs. 18,00,000
2. Khyrabad, ...	Girdhara Sing, ...	„ 10,00,000	„ 22,00,000
3. Gonda Baraytch, ..	Rajah Man Sing, ...	„ 16,00,000	„ 23,00,900
4. Sultanpore, ... 4*b*. Jugdispore, ... 4*c*. Rath Havaylee, .. 4*d*. Pertabgurh, ...	Agah Saheb, ...	„ 17,00,000	„ 22,00,000
5. Bareilly, ...	Lall Mohun, ...	„ 13,00,000	„ 18,00,000
6. Hurhapoorwa, ...	Futty Chund, ...		
7. Hydergurh, ...	Saheb Rae, ...		
8. Salone, ...	Saheb Rae, ...	„ 7,00,000	„ 9,00,000
9. Russoolabad, ..	Kidhar Nath, Bunnea,	„ 2,50,000	„ 3,50,000
10. Shuffeepore, ...		„ 2,50,000	„ 3,00,000
11. Mohaun, ...		„ 60,000	„ 1,15,000
12. Sundeela, ...	Hossein Buksh, ...	„ 8,00,000	„ 10,00,000
13. Sandee Palee, ...	Jamaet Rae, ...	„ 3,90,000	„ 4,50,000
14. Shahabad, ...	.. ..	„ 1,00,000	„ 1,50,000
15. Baughor, ...	Shuna Sing, ...	„ 4,00,000	„ 7,00,000
16. Baree, ...	Sheikh Ally Buksh, ...	„ 5,00,000	„ 9,00,000
17. Dewah Koorsee, ..	Khan Ally Khan, ...	„ 50,000	„ 3,00,000
18. Nawabgunge, ...	Ubdool Raheem, ...	„ 1,00,000	„ 1,35,000
19. Sidhour, ...	Ubdool Raheem, ...	„ 2,60,000	„ 4,00,000
20. Goshaengunge, ..	Kummer-ood-deen Khan,	„ 1,20,000	„ 3,00,000
21. Bijnour, ...	Mirza Hossein Khan, ..	„ 1,00.000	
22. Deriabad, ...	Buktaver Sing, ...	„ 3,00,000	„ 8,00,000
23. Lucknow and Environs, ...	Mirza Hossein Khan, ..	„ 3,10,000	„ 6,00,000
23 Chucklas, ...	17 Chucklidars, ...	1,05,00,000	1,77,00,000

An Amil or Chucklidar is vested with full magisterial powers in the district over which he presides. He is treated with many of the honors peculiarly appertaining to Royalty, whose representative he is. The *dunga* or kettle drum is beaten before him, and, on his leaving his camp, the thunder of cannon announces his departure. His power is almost despotic ; he regulates disputes, settles the land-revenue, summons the Zemindars to his presence, and, in case of their refusal to do so, enforces his orders by sending troops to attack their forts. He punishes whomever he pleases, and although the right to transfer Zemindarees from the real owner to any of his favorites or friends, is not recognised by the State, he arrogates this stretch of power, and others of a like nature, to himself. No one inquires after his actions ; his word is law in the Elaqa confided to his charge, and whenever he commits himself, the Durbar never hesitate at accepting a *douceur* as hush-money, if they know anything about it, which is highly improbable. He has only to pay the Akbarnaveezes or news-writers a little liberally, as they are employed by the ministry to send in accounts of what the Chucklidar and other officers of consequence under him are doing. They have in fact to write the news ; but as all natives are corruptible, the Akbarnaveezes are but tools in the hands of the Amils.

Any native may become a Chucklidar who has the means to pay the high nuzzerana (present) the Minister expects. He must also pay the Maharajah Balkissen, the Minister of Finance, the Prime Minister's favorites, and on being presented with a khillut or dress of honor, even the Chobdars and Chuprassees of the King. The Chucklas are publicly sold, and he who can pay most, or possesses the greatest influence at Court, is sure to be the successful candidate. A man, however, who has once been entrusted with the rule of an Elaqa, is almost certain to re-obtain a similar appointment the ensuing year. As he has had more experience and knowledge of the resources of any district, the government of which he may be anxious to obtain, he can generally afford to outbid his competitors, who are often Native Commandants of Nujeeb Regiments. As the Amil may be at any time removed from his office, he can take little interest in the well-doing of his Chuckla. So variable is fortune in Oudhe, that the man, who on one day has command over thousands, may on the very next be sent into Lucknow a fettered prisoner, and may, unless he chooses to pay, be subjected to blows, starvation, and all the tortures the fertile brain of a disappointed Mussulman can conceive.

The horrors of being hoisted high into the air, tied up in a bag, and then suddenly dropped on rough ground, of being buried in filth, and of undergoing other ingenious modes of torture, fall frequently to the lot of the Chucklidar, who fails to pay up the revenue. It must be admitted however, that the "fickle goddess" may easily be controled by the Amil, who has generally, if not always, enough to make him to be considered a wealthy man. His object in taking the contract of a district is to make as much money as he is able, and in this endeavour he scruples at nothing. Jus-

tice he regards not, and what he cannot obtain by fair means, he attempts to take by force, or by treachery.

There is no settled revenue on any Estate, the Amil almost always demands a greater sum of the Zemindar, than his predecessor obtained, should he find the crops plentiful, and his lands flourishing. If the landholder is weak, he is of course obliged to pay what is asked ; but he always sends his Karindas to settle the mamla or revenue affair, and to endeavour to compromise with him. The Talooq or Zemindar however seldom trusts to the good faith of the Amil, and therefore, before venturing his person into the presence of the Chucklidar, requires the *ban* or protection of another person, usually the officer commanding a regiment, at the disposal of the governor. Should the Amil afterwards violate his promise of safety, and seize the person of the Talooqdar to extract money from him (a circumstance which very frequently occurs where no *ban* is given) the commander is at liberty to enforce the fulfilment of his pledge at the point of the bayonet. This however is an event of which I know no instance. Protection has always been accorded to those Zemindars, who obtained the *ban* of a European officer in the Oudhe service. To the praise of these gentlemen I must state, that they have always merited the high opinion the different landholders entertain of their honor and plighted faith. Natives themselves have scarcely any confidence in each other, and recourse is often had to the most treacherous means to bring an individual into their power. Gunga Buksh, who was justly beheaded for his numerous offences, and about whom so much was written in the newspapers last year, was not fairly apprehended. Though he well merited his fate for the numberless murders and dacoitees he had committed, the false promises with which he was decoyed into the hands of his captors, will ever disgrace the Government that connived at, if it did not, plan them. Vusee Ully, one of the chief intriguers about the King's Court, forged the King's seal, Minister's seal, and the seal and signature of a native nobleman of a high character, and appended them to promises of pardon, and offers of protection, if Gunga Buksh and his father would make their appearance in the city. The plan succeeded, and when the unfortunate men claimed the fulfilment of the promise, they were told that the signatures and seals were forged. And the infamous forger, instead of being punished, received a dress of honor, and a most lucrative appointment. By Colonel Sleeman's influence he was however deprived of office, although he is still in the plenitude of power, so far as to assist the Durbar with his advice, and to lend his immense influence to persons who have cases to be settled by the Minister, or his Naib.

It was Gunga Buksh who took a leading part in the affair at Bettay, where Elderton lost his life. Yet that the execution of the two robbers could not have been owing to their having been accessories in the "murder," as I have seen it stated, of a British officer, is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that the man, who first brought the news of his death to Lucknow, was rewarded by the

Durbar with a dress of honor, and a sum of money.

Another atrocity occurred but last year. Ram Dutt Pundah, an extensive Talooqdar, was stabbed in the open Kutcherry by Mohammed Hossain, then Chucklidar of Salone, who by this crime endeavoured to liquidate the debts he owed his victim, and immediately after the commission of this foul act, plundered property of the deceased to a very great extent. For this barbarity Government rewarded the murderer with a dress of honor, and when the Resident required the case to be determined by the King's Government, the High Priest, before whose tribunal it was brought, being a corrupt fanatical bigot, of course exculpated the Mussulman from all blame for killing an idolatrous Hindoo. This sentence he pronounced not only from a conviction, that there is merit in ridding the world of a heathen, but also from a consideration for his own interest.

The character of the Oudhe Government cannot be better displayed than by these examples of treachery, forgery, and murder, rewarded. Such being the case, it is not surprising that the Amils should imitate the example set them by their superiors, and that every man, vested with a little brief authority, should exert it to oppress the weaker and more helpless classes. A wealthy native, travelling through the country, is never at a loss for bearers to carry his palankeen, or coolies to bear his traps. The peasant is taken from the plough, and the villager from amongst his children, to be made an unwilling carrier of a heavy load, and no reward is given to the poor begarree for his time lost, and the labour performed; if, after trudging over a space of several miles, he receives a miserable pittance of parched gram or a single pice, he may deem himself fortunate. This custom of seizing begarees is so very frequently practised, that a poor man always lives in dread of being forced into working, and on the approach of a great man with his retinue, or of a Regiment of Troops, the villagers often fly into the jungles, till the Zemindar, being made responsible, furnishes his quota of coolies. Colonel Sleeman has often expressed his disapprobation of this system, and had, in a measure, succeeded in not having it put into practice as frequently as before, but as long as Oudhe is under the present Ministry, these acts of oppression will naturally continually occur.

(*To be continued.*)

INSCRIPTION

ON SOME ALMS' HOUSES BUILT BY A JEW.

(*Translated from the Spanish.*)

Issachar, the usurer,
A charitable Jew,
Built these Houses for the Poor—
And found them inmates too.

RETROSPECTIONS OF A YOUNG MAN;

BEING THE ANTECEDENTS OF FREEMAN, OF THE 76TH B. N. I., RELATED BY HIMSELF.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER II.

I MAY be wrong, but I think that the first impression of Madras is, that the houses have been parched and peeled by some cutaneous disorder, peculiar to the Tropics. You would say,—"This is a town on which the sun shines pretty steady;" and you would be right; the great glaring eye of an equatorial heaven is the most desolate affair in the world; worse, far worse than the wildest tempest that ever howled over Dartmore. Amidst this red-hot glow, you land from an improved kind of Mussoolah boat, whose numerous rowers shout and sing as if that was all they had to do. You leap ashore; oh! what a sensation it is! The wonderful, trance-bound Asia. Every thing that surrounds you so perfectly new; the mob of sedulous Dobashes, each brandishing his "chits" of recommendation; the wild and naked boatmen, with their conical caps; the booming surfs you have just passed; the scorching sand; the palanquins; the white excoriated houses, with their monotonous window shutters; and even the pale, greasy European that meets you at the door of the hotel, combining, form a chaos of wonder that most of my Indian friends will recollect.

Having no introductory letters, I remained at the hotel until I could make my arrangements for proceeding to Calcutta, which I had resolved to do by palkee-dawk. The interval was spent, as I believe most young Englishmen spend their time, everywhere; in other words, wasted. I lived with a few young men, whose acquaintance I made in Madras, much as if I had been in London,—smoking, playing rackets, dining, and playing pool.

But my dawk was at length "laid," and on the appointed evening I started; but having little doubt that such a journey is among the most serious "miseries of human life," I shall not dwell upon what happened to me during the trip; indeed I remember but little of it, excepting struggles with the natives, who could not understand the Hindustanee I had learned in books on board-ship, however loud I bawled; I arrived at Calcutta in a state of high fever.

But the cold weather was at hand, when even in Calcutta the morning and evening air is almost breathable; besides, I was fresh from England, and was too strong for the fever. The disease of the mind was worse: when I recovered, a pile of letters was brought me, which had arrived from England at various dates, from six weeks after I had left England, to the present time. I glanced hastily at them; there was none in Edith's hand; still she might have enclosed me a few lines in one of

Warren's, though it was not very probable: so I began to read them in order, according to date of post marks.

From Warren I heard that my mother was sinking, but so slowly that it was impossible to say how long she might not, in her present state, hold out; her apathy was as profound as ever, and she still believed me at Oxford; sometimes talking of sending me a box of jams and worsted stockings. The village was as tranquil as ever—if possible, more so: for Whistling Joe had disappeared, no one knew whither. The woods of Blackhurst did not suffer from his absence, for Black Jack had managed to secure his vacant place; the last man, the prim Abud (who was agent to the estate,) would have been likely to choose, (one would have thought) if left to himself. But Black Jack *had* contrived to get the keepership, and stupid as he was in other things, the very spirit of his revered predecessor's administration remained in full work. As before, not a poacher came near the estate. Little did it matter indeed to the owner of those fair lands and woods: she was far away, in London, staying with the Tuftos. "I am glad," said the Rector, in one of his letters, "I am glad that you took my advice about falling in love with Edith: I have been sorely disappointed in that girl, Charles. After your departure, she grew very wild and flighty in her manner, and eventually went off to London, without consulting me, or indeed taking leave of any of us: and my girls hear that she is now leading a most dissipated life there, a thing at which I am most of all surprised, for I never supposed she had a turn *that* way." Pained and dissatisfied, I threw down the letter, and began lazily tossing over the rest that remained unopened. Suddenly my eye fell on one that bore a black seal; I tore it open; ah! best and fondest of mothers: I was now completely an orphan; she had recovered her faculties, and yielded in the struggle, her last words had been a blessing on her exiled son.

Sick at heart, I saw my cure in action. A campaign was expected; and I hastened to get attached to a Regiment on active service. But, in vain; the winter wore on, and I was still unposted; the money I had brought from England was gone; and I, at the age when Mr. Pitt was Prime Minister of England, was only on the threshold of life yet, though, to be sure, I was not Mr. Pitt. Things were in this state, when a cold, caught one morning at the Race Course, combined with the dissipation of a whole season to produce a serious illness, which being the second attack of one kind and another that I had suffered in a few months, the Doctors ordered me to sea. A casual argument once with the Captain of a country-ship bound to the Mauritius determined my destination. She was to start in a week; my preparations were soon made, and I bade a glad adieu to the City of Palaces, and of hovels, of commercial aristocracy and lordly tradesmen; merchant princes, whose argosies are of paper, (this was some years ago,) and whose haven the Insolvent Court; officials, whose modest administration shuns the glare of public notice; and Britons, whose patriotism is exerted in causes

not their own; "enlightened" native gentlemen, who are respected in England in inverse ratio to their respectability among their own people; adieu and farewell to the city of magnificent meanness, cordial frigidity, and intolerable heat. Farewell, said I, and if ever, being of sound mind, and uncompelled by the sternest necessity, I spend two consecutive months within thy most marshy limits, may I be the victim of thy most boon hospitality, a shareholder in thy most flourishing corporations, may I eat the bread of dependence, and drink thy Hotel champagne.

As the morning gun wreathed its smoke from the ramparts of Fort William, I found myself, with something like the above-recorded feelings, at that unsightly and useless Ghaut which bears the honoured name of Prinsep; and after the usual scuffling with the boatmen of the Dinghies, sat down with a violent headache, in the cuddy of the Futteh-Moolayim. My friend Will Clasper had not yet come on board, so while we drop down to Garden Reach, and are taken in tow by that well-known powerful Steam Tug the Salamander (Capt. D'Costa) I may as well—behind his back—give you some account of our own Commander, and his gallant vessel.

Clasper is a stout-built little Cockney, a liberal Roman Catholic, as brave as Bayard, and as seamanlike, quite, as Mr. T. P. Cooke. He left England in early life as fourth Mate of a Merchant ship, worked hard, kept up his religion and his honesty, got shipwrecked on the Maldives, where he is shrewdly suspected of having married the king's daughter, till deserting his friend, and his Ariadne, he ultimately took the command of one of the ships of Messrs. Aga Meerza and Co.

The Futteh-Moolayim was a teak-built ship from the Coast, intended for passengers, crank in the hull, and over-masted; manned by lascars, and loaded with rice. I afterwards ascertained that my sailing in her was looked upon by my friends in Calcutta as an act of suicidal madness; but, blest in my ignorance, I did so, and long ere we dropped anchor at Fulta, memorable as the retreat of Mr. Roger Drake and his illustrious garrison, I was in my cabin half-asleep. About midnight Master Clasper came on board, very jolly, and as little inclined for bed, as a man at that hour could well be. This night is therefore marked in my memory by mingled associations of comic singing, recrimination, and Eau de Cologne; and when I at last got to sleep, the after-cabins were pervaded by an aroma of broiled bones.

At the usual period we bade adieu to the Pilot, a gentlemanlike fellow, and an able performer on the German flute. Then, when fairly out of sight of land, and gliding over the oily waters of the Bay of Bengal, the sense of exile became strong indeed, and the dark side of expatriation and of solitude shewed itself. Unspecked and deep the blue stretched above us, smooth and monotonous the blue lay round. And when the old familiar sounds of sheep and kine came floating aft, the heart fondly and sorrowfully swelled with thoughts of health and happiness in rural England. The Captain, too, in whose jovial cha-

racter there lay a vein of dismal devotion, had a small organ, on which he used to play in his cabin; and the necessary slowness of its touch added to the solemnity; you could never tell whether he was playing a Polka or a Requiescat. At length we were fairly becalmed, and out of that very stagnation arose an incident which was to colour all my future life.

CHAPTER III.

A SHIP was in sight; a noble Indiaman, with Calcutta-ward prow; she had drifted up in the night assisted by some current and such light airs as her highest canvass would catch. But in vain, the sleepy influence had seized her too, and there we lay for twenty-four hours, watching one another at a distance of about two miles. There was our ship with her one passenger; there was *she* with her teeming freight of love, hope, fear, sorrow, and ambition, the inexperienced boys and girls rejoicing in the artificial fireworks of transient flirtation (almost as innocent as the games of hide-and-seek they might have played together two years earlier), there was the new fledged Ensign, or the prim young writer to whom Calcutta was yet a land of promise—liberty and independence, things worth living in the tropics for; there was the worn-out Anglo-Indian, returning from England or the Cape with vigor temporarily restored, but looking forward with grim fortitude to the two years he has yet to serve for his pension, the two most trying years, (as he knows they will be) of his whole career.

At length Clasper's patience was exhausted; "If that hooker is to stick there till doomsday, I don't see why we should not go and overhaul her," said he. "Besides, I want to get a little yeast, and make you some soft bread."

So making over charge of the ship to his 1st officer, Mr. Williams, a gallant and steady fellow, he ordered out the quarter boat, and off we set with a picked crew of Seidies dressed in their gayest turbans.

The Major (such was the *soubriquet,* which by a brilliant exercise of nautical humour, had been coined for the Commander of the Indiaman) proved to be an old friend of Clasper, so they adjourned to the former Commander's cabin, and had a confabulation over storms, typhoons, cyclones, and other humorous subjects, assisted, I make no doubt, by sundry "twisters" of rum and water.

I had meanwhile stumbled upon an old friend on the poop of the Indiaman. This was no other than Cox Bloxam, who seemed really glad, in his condescending way, to meet me; and informed me that his estates having got into confusion, he had exchanged into a Light Dragoon Regt. at present serving in India, which he thought a cheap and knowing way of turning a penny by travelling.

As he said this, I caught his eye rising slowly, and, as it were, partially from my boots. "Vey," (he could not as it seemed pronounce the t, h), "Vey are weawing veir twowsers wounded off at ve boot," he observed, in a sort of half apology. "Are they," said

I; "I have no such important news to give you from our part of the world, but I have brought you a newspaper or two." So saying, I handed him a file of Calcutta papers, including a number or two of that meritorious print, the Madras "*Palladium.*" It unfortunately happened that these organs of public opinion, in the absence of a war, or a balloon ascent, had just fallen foul of the education question; and nothing was to be observed but a violent contest about the Vernacular system as compared with the English, a discussion which was maintained with as much fury as if the worthy journalists were to the last degree interested and absorbed in the question.

The Dragoon seemed to take their measure at a glance. "Thank you," he said, returning me the papers, "but vis is a howid baw; have vey nofing to wite about except ve niggers?" "So it seems," I replied somewhat indifferently, for my attention was just then attracted to a very pretty graceful little lady of some nineteen years, staid and self-possest; who was walking arm-in-arm with a Clergyman on the windward (or what by courtesy during the calm was considered the windward) side of the deck. Observing which direction my eyes took, Cox observed that he "approved of my taste; she was a devilish sensible girl," and added with a consequential look, that "he vought vat wivout much trouble he might have it all his own way in vat quawter."

Presently the passengers were summoned below to tea, (at an hour when the jovial Clasper and myself would have been half way through our third bottle of Brown Cantenac,) and I was fortunate enough to sit *vis-a-vis* to the fair stranger, whose name, as my companion informed me, was Agnes O ——. I never was so much pleased with any one in my life. She was so graceful, so calm, breathed such an atmosphere of sense and goodness; and yet betrayed, as I thought, to the keener observer, such an under current of the most tremulous sensibility, that my pre-possession was not strange. Indeed I have since found out that she influences every one in the same way. She makes more friends, and keeps them with more certainty than any woman I have ever known; and that too even among her own sex.

I was sorry to observe that my friend Bloxam sate next her at table, not by accident, but evidently by the right of custom of which (since the beginning of the voyage) the memory of man ran not to the contrary. He paid her a good deal of that easy attention which a man in his circumstances so readily learns to shew; and so unfortunately, as many good girls, both high and low, know to their cost in the neighbourhood of garrison-towns. Considering my position at the time, it is not to my credit, but I felt some acute pangs of jealousy.

We soon after left the ship, for the dog-vanes began to give notice of a breeze; and Clasper maintains that I did not address him a syllable during our return to the Futteh-Moolayim. I was in truth in a reverie from which few things would have roused me. I could not be in love; for, unaccountable as Edith's conduct had been, she was not forgotten yet; and the memories of the home I had left, and the lost mo-

ther (as I remembered her before the evil days had come upon her) all these feelings had too much sway in my heart to prevent the entrance of a new passion. And yet it was certain that I felt unusual loathing of that dolt of a dragoon with his vulgar coxcombery, and wished him anywhere but by the side of Miss O——.

CHAPTER IV.

From this day my apathy began to clear; I was still idle and unhappy, but I had now something quite new to think of, which was a delightful change; and I moreover turned up a few books in Clasper's cabin, having, with my usual carelessness, forgotten to pack up any of my own when leaving Calcutta. There, extended on the cushions of the locker, my eyes wandering from the book to the rolling wake that followed the stern, and thence back to the snug comfort of the cabin with its quaint Oriental furniture, its ebony cabinets, ivory chairs, Malay creeses, and Chinese lanterns, I would muse away day after day of the delicious tropical weather.

The Captain was not a literary man, and the books he had were mostly polemical tracts in favour of his own church. Having been brought up from early life to look upon that church with a kind of contemptuous pity, not perhaps wholly unmixed with ridicule, it was with languid interest indeed that I first took up these works. I think I had a sort of patronizing feeling, as who should say "come, let us see what this worn out and doting old lady has to say for herself." I was soon startled to observe a vigor for which I was wholly unprepared,—a distinctness of purpose, and a strength of logic with which I was not at all able to contend. The whole of the arguments I had heard so much of in England went farther than had been intended by those who had dinned them into me. If the theory of "the priest" in Christianity was true, and the Clergy possessed, by virtue of an unbroken descent from the Apostles, the power of imparting unerring instruction, and conveying graces that could not be obtained by any other means, then did that power most clearly reside in the Roman Church. And if she were in the right, I learned from my new studies that all dissenters from her were most undoubtedly and dangerously wrong; and I now perceived what had been to me the unaccountable dislike which Cope and his friends felt for the Reformation and its devoted band of Martyrs.

I entreat the reader to bear with me. I am stating facts, and facts of the most tragical import. Such conclusions as I was now coming to, are the real, life-destroying dragons that haunt the modern pilgrim; and I earnestly invite for them the attention of those who are not yet within the influence of their pestilential breath. O pause ere it is too late, contemplate steadily the appearance, ponder well on the nature of those monsters to whose protection you are about to intrust yourselves. Not without meaning are those dead men's bones around and within the sepulchres they make so beautiful of the Romish theory (mark, I only speak of *theory*), if this be true, Christianity

differs in no vital respect from other religions; a *moral* regeneration was not the object of its announcement to men, and Mahummud Ben Abdoolah was right to proclaim a pure Theism in its teeth. Right, because Christianity differed from other faiths only in this, that it exacted from its professors a blinder and more intolerant recognition of dogmas and practices bearing equal marks with them of human invention. Right, because Christianity supplied no inducements like those of pure Theism to the battle with moral evil. I think it was Sir H. Strachey who observed that a Hindoo saint will rise from his temple to take a false oath in Court, and will then return with unimpaired claims to the homage of his neighbours—as long as he does not intermit his bathings and his use of sacred names. But in what respect is he inferior to the Calabrian Bandit, who receives periodical absolution, and finally Christian burial, because he consents to perform certain penances, has purchased an indulgence, and has been constant in his adoration of the Carpenter's Wife?

In one collection of sacred stories I read the following:—

"There was a man whose occupation was highway robbery; but whenever he went out on an expedition, he was always careful to address a prayer to the Virgin. Taken at last, he was sentenced to be hanged. While the cord was around his neck, he made his usual prayer: nor was it ineffectual. The Virgin supported his feet with her white hands, and thus kept him alive for two days, to the no small surprise of the executioner, who attempted to complete his work with strokes of a sword. But the same invisible hands turned aside the weapon, and the executioner was obliged to release the victim, at the same time acknowledging the miracle. The thief was pardoned, and *became a monk.*"

I also read that the Church of Rome could not change; and I observed that it was spoken of with evident pride that the mass of the people were more devout in Romish than in Protestant countries, and this was the result of their devotion! And such I found was the logical conclusion of the premises with which I had started in life. Verily this was proving too much. The foundations of my faith were shaken; and the scepticism which I had always (and I believe with justice) felt on less important subjects, now began to take possession of my religious views. For there was one point on which I could not indulge it: the universal conscience of civilized mankind pointed out one subject of unanimous agreement, and to become sceptical on moral good was a shipwreck which I had never, have never, and never will contemplate. On other subjects it might not be right to yield too much to the blindness of logic; ancient nations had been logical, the Hindoos had been logical, and so had the Chinese. And they had remained stationary. Modern Europe alone dared to admit, on all subjects but one, that adverse views might co-exist up to a certain point, and the resultant of these conflicting forces had been in a progressive direction. Rome alone had there stuck to logic, and in Romish countries there

had been comparatively no progress.

This I saw at the time, but dimly; I was too like a lonely sailor, to whom the compass is unknown, and who has been steering by the wrong stars, till he finds himself amid the frozen mystery of the South Pole, when he thought to have been breathing the warm and scented airs of Serendib. A reckless melancholy seized me, an intoxication of sorrow, from which I was only half awakened by the sudden and imminent approach of death.

CHAPTER V.

One calm and beautiful night we had been conversing on the deck, and had retired to our respective cabins below the poop. I was just falling asleep, and in that dozing state when the world's realities mingle with the things of dreamland. I thought of church-bells heard in dear old Oxfordshire in blameless childhood; and then again my mind turned to the interior of a Cathedral. The times had come back when I thought all true and beautiful that seemed so; and when the service of our Church, with full musical accompaniment, heard amid those solemn shades, sufficed to answer all the longings of the soul. The implicit religious feeling had returned, before I dared to suppose that what the good taught me could possibly be otherwise than good. The rough tones of Clasper's manly voice dissolved my dream. "Do you hear that, Freeman?" cried he. I started up. The sound was real. Not precisely that of an anthem, nor altogether that of bells, but more like the essence or the burthen of a chime as you hear it on still Sunday evenings, when the autumnal air is cold and clear, and the Church is hidden from sight by intervening woods and hills. We neither of us spoke for full five minutes. At length the sound ceased, and the silence of the tropical night returned, save the lazy plash of the ripple from the ship's side, as she stole through the scarce resisting water.

"Well," cried Clasper, "hang "me, if that does not beat every-"thing. I've heard of this be-"fore, but never believed it pos-"sible."

"What on earth is it?" I enquired.

"Nothing on earth, my boy," replied the skipper, "but a good "deal at sea: and I'm sorry now "that I woke you to listen to it."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that we shall have a "snorter before the next sun "sets; and the hooker is not "quite up to it. That's all. I'm "sorry for it, Freeman, but I've "brought you into a mess. Old "sailors have told me of that "sound, and that it always pre-"cedes a hurricane. Not a com-"mon gale, mind you; it's not "so common as that; for, as I "said, I never heard it in my life "before. Mr. Williams! Pass "the word there for Mr. Wil-"liams."

So saying, the good fellow leapt out of bed, and gave the necessary instructions to his first officer, who happened to be on watch. Soon were heard the notes of preparation, the Serang's whistle, and the clatter of ropes and blocks; the ship was hove to,

and everything made ready for the approach of the storm. We had nothing more to do: so we lay still, and "waited for the day."

And what a day it was! The flying spray, the maddening dark-browed waves, the uproar of the wind, the floods of rain from the cloudy Heavens, and the groaning of the poor old ship, as she seemed to cower before the tyrannous rage of the tempest! Night fell, and added to the horror. The lightning flashed, the thunder rattled, the wind kept up a steady incessant roar, and, with a sound like the report of a twenty-four pounder, some great sail would fly from its fastenings, and drift away like mist. Clasper was subdued by his anxiety, but unwearied in his exertions. Now on the quarter deck, giving words of encouragement to the Lascars; now stealing cautiously along the supports afforded by the bulwarks of the poop, or the spars that had been lashed across for hand-rails ere the storm began; now shewing his honest weather-beaten face, and dripping oiled-hat under the cuddy lamp, as he relighted his cigar, and gazed long and anxiously at the ever-falling Mercury of the Barometer.

We had two Persian super-cargoes on board, one of whom was a Hadjee, a man of prodigious sanctity, who had been wont to confine himself almost entirely to the seclusion of the after-hold, from whence he would only emerge on auspicious and well-omened occasions, and with whiskers and finger-nails fresh dyed a brilliant scarlet. The other had been, during the early part of the voyage, what might be termed a "wet" Mussulman, who had smoked, played cards, and even taken a glass or two of clandestine wine with us in the cuddy. It was curious now to watch the different behaviour of these two men. They were both alarmed, never having been at sea in their lives, and being, to a large extent, interested in the ship's cargo. But while the Hadjee sate stern and silent with his sacred volume, protected by a silk wrapper, and clasped tightly under his arm, that it might be the last thing to perish, his companion, who had laughed at the old man's strictness, now found no consolation, but in muttered acknowledgments that "God was merciful and great."

Tantum Religio potuit suadere.

The carpenter, a steady Scotchman, came up and laid his axes on the cuddy-table. "The "pumps have choked, Sir," said he, quietly; "and there's no "sounding, if you please, in the "well."

"Very good, Mr. Billington," answered the Captain, naively; "then away with the mizen."

"Excuse me, Captain Clasper," put in the mate; "but the ship is laden with rice, and I think it is swelling with the wet; don't you think it might be better to begin by heaving some of it overboard?"

A report from the second officer, who had been below, supported Williams's suggestion, the swollen bags of rice had burst the bulk-heads of the old cabins on the main deck, where they had been stowed, and were pitching down to leeward, greatly increasing the depression or "list" of the vessel, which was now almost on her beam-ends.

"Ask the super-cargoes," said the Captain.

"Bismillah!" was their submissive reply. "God is great; "after him you are our protec-"tors; do what you will. Mash-"allah!"

Lights were at once procured, a scuttle opened in the after-part of the deck, and away went the rice, all hands assisting with a will. The effect was instantaneous; the ship righted to a certain extent, and all immediate necessity was removed for cutting away the masts. Seeing the faces of the officers become less anxious, I now, (it was four in the morning) retired to my cabin, which was on the leeward side of the ship, and completely under the waves. Here, amidst the horrible tumult, and with the sea raging over my head and at my buttoned-up porthole, I committed myself to the Divine protection, and sunk into a profound sleep.

THE RAINBOW.

O'er the waves of the raging deep,
  O'er the peaks of the flower-crown'd earth,
I glide like a dream in sleep,
  Or the beam, that gave me birth;
I come like the first fond love,
  Like a rose from the dear one's breast,
A kiss from the heavens above,
  To Earth, 'mid the storms unrest.

O'er the tremulous ocean of air,
  My glorious standard I wave,
What matter the clouds that are there,
  'Twill shine, like the souls of the brave—
Oh! the stars may look smilingly down,
  When the earth's calmly sleeping below,
But I come when the elements frown,
  Like a friend in the hour of woe.

I come like Spring's first dawn of love,
  To tell of bright sunshiny hours,
To the leaves that hang gemm'd in the grove,
  And the beautiful tear-laden flowers;
I come to dry Nature's soft tears,
  And peace-breathing, banish all strife,
And I die, but my dying endears,
  With all that I promis'd in life.

AUGUSTUS HOWARD.

A FEW WORDS TO THE LADIES.—NO. II.

We pointed out briefly in our first number, the power which women undoubtedly possess, to influence, whether for good or evil, the minds of their self-nominated lords and masters; and we sketched a faint outline of what society, and more particularly Indian society, might become, would the ladies only give *their* assistance to the great work of its reformation. Hereafter we shall return to this branch of the subject, and show more in detail, how and when, in every-day-life, they can best exert their influence; at present we purpose considering what qualities and what line of conduct in themselves will tend to diminish or increase that power which we have exhorted them to use.

This we can do the more readily, as we have (in asking the ladies to aid us in reforming ourselves) freely confessed the faults and vices to which we men are most addicted, and may therefore, having as it were taken the beam out of our own eyes, be allowed, without reproach, to point out gently the motes in those of our fair neighbours.

Were the minds of men regulated as they should be, the authority of women would be exactly proportional to the respect or esteem which they were capable of inspiring; even as it is, altho' we meet with many startling exceptions to this rule, it will, we think, be found in the long run to be pretty nearly true. Indeed, the power of making a lastingly pleasing impression (on any *worth* pleasing) though not invariably synonymous with the power of commanding esteem, may always be traced to the possession of some quality, intrinsically estimable; or, in other words, although the power of pleasing *may* occasionally be possessed by one who has forfeited our esteem by some folly or frailty, yet even in those rare cases, the attractive grace will be found to have its source in some quality which in itself claims our respect.

This will no doubt appear to some to be an untenable doctrine, and they will feel inclined to assert, that the power of pleasing is in itself a separate thing, an indefinable charm, which is utterly unconnected with the sober sentiment of esteem, and instance perhaps the almost universal success of a woman gifted with a soft voice, a sweet smile, and graceful and gentle manners. Pray, they will ask, do you respect a flute, a pretty picture, or an antelope? and if not, why should you *respect* a *woman* for the possession of attractions similar to those so highly developed in these objects?

The answer is obvious; these graces we admire, it is true, but the power of making a pleasing, and at the same time durable impression, arises not from them, but from the qualities which they indicate; it is not them, but the hidden treasures which they tell of, which we prize so highly. Just as we select from the vine-leaf basket before us that peach, on which there is the softest bloom, not because we are enamoured of the external beauty, but because its existence speaks

of interior sweetness, so are we pleased by a soft voice or a sweet smile in women, because we augur therefrom, a soft heart and a sweet temper.

Vanity, frivolity, or caprice, may be co-existent with these, and may prevent our respecting the character as a whole, though the smile and voice may still enchain us, we hardly know why : but the fascination exerted over us is not a separate, independent power, as some would argue, but the result of the supposed existence of qualities which we *do* esteem, warmth of affection and good nature. There is not a charm of person, or a grace of manner, but we may, if we examine our own hearts carefully, trace its power of attracting us to our belief, that it indicates some corresponding grace of mind or heart.

These indications may and *do*, no doubt, sometimes deceive us, but generally we find out our error before long, and the revulsion of feeling that then occurs, fully corroborates all that we have asserted. When did sweet smile captivate us, after we became convinced that it was but the mask of a bad temper ? When could the soft voice charm us, when we have once felt that the heart was cold or faithless ? We may augur wrongly, as we have said ; but if the mere belief in the existence of certain qualities can enchain us, how much more certain, (though perhaps slower) must be the success of the reality. All cannot, it is true, possess the external attractions from which we predicate the internal graces which alone have lasting power to bind us ; but all may possess these latter, all may turn them to advantage, not only for themselves, but for society. Men of the highest rank, the greatest merit, may have to visit a foreign country without a single letter of introduction, but sooner or later they will be better known and more honoured than any low-bred, illiterate person, who travels with his basket-load of recommendations. Such too, if the ladies will believe us, is the case with them, and we shall therefore make no further apology for pointing out to them how they can best really please, and therefore govern us, (and every lady likes her own way ;) or, in other words, what actions tend to forfeit our respect, what line of conduct will best ensure our esteem.

To attack glaring vices or pick out petty follies, which are but rarely seen, is obviously not our object ; all we wish to do is to put in their proper light some of those very general failings, which are often more baneful to society in their effects, than what we have been taught to look upon as positive sins.

Frivolity, whether of pursuits or mind, is one of the very most pernicious, and at the same time most prevalent of these failings, and though a life frittered away in reading novels, netting purses, dancing, and flirting, may be thought to be at any rate a very harmless style of existence, we ourselves believe it to be productive of a very large share of domestic unhappiness. But first of all it will probably be objected to us, that frivolity is *not* a common failing among the ladies of India ; well and good, *that* is of course a matter of opinion : to prove our assertion, we shall content ourselves with giving a brief chronicle of a lady's daily employ-

ments, and we think that to do this fairly, we had better let a lady of our acquaintance speak for her sex, by transcribing a letter received a few weeks ago.

Dear Gussey,—Why will you always keep teasing me with your nonsensical questions about what I *can* possibly find to do, to be so busy as I have often told you that I generally am? Wretch that you are, who presume to question thus a lady's veracity; what *can* you know of what ladies have to do? Day after day, shut up in your mouldy cutcherries, you doze over your hookahs, and pretend that you are hard at work, while we, poor things, who do every thing whatever is done in India, are accused, forsooth, of having nothing to do. Pray, Mr. Impudence, have you any idea of the thousand little duties which we women perform daily, in silence, and unthanked, for you, ungrateful creatures that you are? No! of course not, then to put a stop once for all to your everlasting railings, I will, if you are a very good boy, give you a history of one busy day—any day would do, but I think I remember most about yesterday, so let it be yesterday. I got up at about six and took a ride with papa, who was rather cross about Mr. G——, so I did not enjoy that much, came home, and had a long consultation with mama as to my dress for the evening—(there was a ball last night at the Artillery Mess, you know:) she wanted me to make some alteration in the trimmings, which I objected to, and what between one thing and another, we heard papa calling out for breakfast, before either of us was dressed. Off I ran, dressed, breakfasted, and had just sat down comfortably to read that pretty story of Celestine in the *Benares Magazine*, when mama sent me off to practice. I hate singing you know, at least all but a few sweet old songs, but then one must learn the new Italian airs; so down I sat to the piano, and after a little Do Re Mi Fa, which is very tiresome work, began a song, but was interrupted by visitors, when I chatted and laughed to my heart's content. But don't suppose I was idle; I did at least six rows of a crochet anti-maccassar. What a nice creature Mr. Crowcroft is, only, poor dear man, it's a thousand pities, but he is so *very* ugly: he staid with us almost till tiffin, and then ran away in a great hurry, as he was engaged to tiff with that stupid Mrs. P. Only just fancy they want to catch him, people say; but it's really too absurd,—he with two thousand a month.

Well, after tiffin, I wrote letters. Miss S. was married the day before yesterday, and I had to write to Julia and Susan, and several others whom you don't know, a full account of the wedding. Miss S. looked so sweetly pretty, you can't think, and mama says her lace veil must have cost at least 500 Rupees,—only think how fine!

Before I had done my letters, I had to dress to go on the Mall; it was a band night, and every body was there, so that I had plenty of fun, and was quite vexed when they struck up—God save the Queen.

As there was to be a ball, and I take a long time dressing my hair, directly dinner was over, I had to begin, and yet I hardly

know how, what with reading a few snatches of Celestine, which I finished, and putting new trimmings on my gloves, it was past ten, and papa growling before I was ready.

Then came the ball; you know the rest, and I won't tantalize you by describing it, only by the way Miss Harfoot's dress was positively shabby, (a dirty pink Tarlatan, over a still dirtier white satin jupe;) and then, at half-past 3 o'clock, home and to bed.

Besides all this, I did a thousand little things, which I forget now, and if you don't confess that I really was very busy, you must be either very perverse, or very stupid. But there's mama calling me to look at some new flowers she has just brought from Mrs. Ludlam's, so I shall say goodby.

Remaining yours, &c.

Ladies of India, will any of you deny, that this picture, drawn by one of your own sex, is a faithful representation of the life of busy idleness, that four out of every five of you lead. Nay, what is more, these frivolous and profitless pursuits seem but too often to be not only the main, but the sole objects of your life, and many an Indian Belle might repeat, with more truth than the original speaker, the last words of a great and good man—

"Eheu perdidi vitam, operose nihil agendo."
Alas! I have wasted life, ever busy in doing nothing.

Nor is it to your employments alone that the reproach of frivolity attaches, your very souls seem to have imbibed the folly, and a very large proportion of the fair sex in India seem never to have an idea beyond dress, crotchet, and scandal. Whatever is showy exteriorly, no matter what it may be in reality, seems sure to captivate you, and one has only to ascertain what particular men are favourites with the majority of your sex, to know what men are empty-pated, extravagant coxcombs; possessing as their highest recommendations, a good moustache, a stylish tailor, (whom they never pay,) a fair stock of what is technically called brass, and perhaps, to crown all, a good voice.

Or again, say how is it that (where there *is* a choice) husbands are chosen? One-half of the sex at least test the warmth of their affection by a thermometer graduated to the allowances of different ranks.*

Would you put the same subject in a different point of view; reflect for a moment on how you qualify yourselves for married life. Some of you lay the foundation of disease by assuming an unnatural and wasp-like shape, some wear tight shoes, some learn to dress well, others sing, play, paint or draw; while a few acquire a graceful carriage, and elegant manners; and one possessing all the above perfections is considered by you yourselves as a finished woman, and a charming creature. But woe be to the unhappy man who wins best, unless, and how seldom is it the case in India, she

* I may say *en parenthese*, that 1000 per mensem is generally considered to be marriage heat, while even two fifty is fair flirting temperature, to keep the hand in, when nothing else offers. Of the remainder, for one who looks for those virtues and qualities in a husband, which are necessary to make home really happy, at least a hundred marry for agreeable and witty manners, a handsome person, or even good dancing! Alas! alas! husbands cease to be unny to their wives, (it is too much trouble); and the smoothest path of married life can hardly be waltzed over with comfort!

has far solider qualifications for making a good wife.

It is needless to multiply instances. We have, we think, said enough to prove our assertion that, as a general rule, in all you do and all you say, you never go below the surface, whether in forming yourselves, or in judging of others, and that therefore your life is but too often frittered away, without real pleasure to yourselves, or profit to your fellows.

Many of you who have not been accustomed to look at the subject in this light will, we doubt not, consider this last sentence great nonsense; all we ask of those who feel inclined to do so, is that they will reflect calmly on the pursuits and daily avocations of themselves and of their intimate friends, and then answer truly, whether the account given by my fair correspondent of one day's occupations, is not pretty nearly an epitome of the whole life of nine-tenths of their sex in India. And if so, can any amount of such frivolities in which the mind, the heart, at best, can have *little* share, satisfy the cravings of happiness of an immortal soul; can the performance of such be its mission in this world, or tend to purify, elevate, or in any way, prepare it for another?

Still more, not only do you not enjoy yourselves as you might, or do good to others as you could do, but you actually encourage extravagance and recklessness, by your evident fondness for display, whether of person or property, and by evincing steadily how far more you value this, than any excellence of mind or heart.

But enough; you must feel, when thus pointed out to you, that the mind, which, instead of attempting to improve *itself*, devotes all its little energies to the adornment of the person, whether by dress, or mere accomplishments, and that shows in every thought and deed, that these are the objects of its greatest admiration in others, is a mind no longer but in name; a mere shadow of what it might, of what it *ought* to be.

Let no one misunderstand what we say; we do not object to a lady beautifying her person; far from it, we think it a duty which women owe to society, to be as handsome as they possibly can; nor would we prohibit the acquirement of those graceful accomplishments, which so often serve to wile away pleasantly a tedious hour; none would regret the loss of these more than ourselves: but what we do protest against is making these, which ought to be minor matters, not only the chief, but the only objects of life; and to do so seems to us as absurd as to attempt to build a whole ship out of the material, which is only intended to make its flags.

The dance, the song, the graceful robe, are excellent in their way, and none would blame a lady for attending to them carefully; indeed she is bound, in as far as she can, to do so; but at the same time the cultivation of her mind, her heart, (for the heart *is* susceptible of training) and the acquirement of those qualities which may fit her best to become the friend and companion, and not alone the plaything of her husband, should be her chief occupation. "Cultivate our minds," I think I hear some of you say, "and pray, would not you men be ready to laugh at us, and cry us down

as blue stockings?" Dear ladies, that word is, I know, a great bugbear, but you must understand that there is more than one species of blue stockingism, and that so far from all being odious to men, one kind invariably claims our highest respect. Perhaps however I had better define the three classes clearly, as I know that the generality of mankind have been too much used to confound them all together.

1st. Where a lady, by careful study, has acquired the most valuable thoughts of those who have gone before her, and has added her own reflections thereto, but nevertheless making no show of her knowledge, only suffers you to learn how extensive it is from incidental allusions, or from the soundness of her judgment and ideas, on whatever subjects she may be led to converse on.

This species of blue stockingism is the brightest charm which woman can possess; and when united with feminine modesty and delicacy, is irresistible.

The 2nd division includes cases, where a fair one having acquired considerable information, takes every opportunity of exhibiting it, and though we may, it is true, laugh at her, it is not because she has a cultivated, well-stored mind, but because her silly vanity leads her to make a show and parade of it.

3rdly. And these, alas! are the instances which most frequently occur. We have ladies, who without the slightest real claim, are for ever making absurd pretensions to acquirements, which they never possessed.

This last kind of blue-stockings is detestable, and justly meets with the ridicule of their own as well as our sex; but at the same time believe us, that much as we dislike it, equally much do we admire and respect the first class which we described, and therefore no lady need be deterred from making the most of the abilities or intellect with which nature has gifted her, by the fear of incurring the ridicule of those to whom she naturally looks up. It is not the culture of the mind which we dislike, but its unnecessary parade; it is not a woman's talents or information that we laugh at, but her anxious endeavours to exhibit them on all occasions!

So much for blue-stockingism; it is a word which has done much harm in its time, and which we hope to outlive, for from being a sign-post to warn the fair sex against affected parasites of knowledge, whether real or pretended, it has become a scare-girl, (if I may use the term,) to frighten them from educating themselves.

But to return: it is not only cultivation of mind which you neglect, but even not unfrequently those very accomplishments which are most useful after marriage, though they doubtless make least show before.

What say you to house-keeping, what say you to a little study of Soyers' pregnant pages? Is it a little matter to know how to make the most of a small income? Is it a small thing to be able to create a blameless tart or an irreproachable pudding? Truly no; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that home will be happier, where these two accomplishments guide the mistress's hand, than where is the finest voice, or the most perfect dancing. The latter are, what few can do more than imperfectly acquire;

the former all can be perfect in, and yet, by a strange perversity of disposition, they are just what scarcely any one takes the trouble to know any thing about, till that knowledge is forced on them by experience dearly bought.

We do not of course mean to say, when alluding to the culinary art, that we should wish to see our ladies, like those of the natives, reduced to *cook* for their lords and masters, but in a country like India, where servants have to be *taught* how to do every thing properly, and where people are so often resident at lonely out-of-the-way places, we maintain that a lady should *know how* to make every ordinary dish, and be *able to do* it well herself.

But enough ; it is ours rather to point out the direction of the proper course, than to map its whole extent ; and, as we have already given a general outline of what should be avoided and what adopted, under the head chosen for illustration in the present paper, we shall conclude it at once, with a brief re-capitulation.

Our object has been to show that the influence of the female sex depends mainly on the amount of respect or esteem with which they inspire us, and that there are many too prevalent failings, (of which we have instanced frivolity as one) which tend to diminish these feelings. Furthermore, we have endeavoured to prove that the main objects of a lady's life ought not to be, (as they almost universally are in India) the adornment of the person, or the acquisition of accomplishments fitted chiefly for display in society, but rather the cultivation of the mind, (which may qualify them to become the advisers in difficulty, as well as the companions in pleasure, of their husbands,) and proficiency in those domestic arts, which, though the exercise of them may not tend to gratify their vanity, will yet do much to banish care and trouble from their household, and make their home, even though it be in India, a happy one.

AUGUSTUS HOWARD.

THE MAN-HUNTER'S MOAN !

"MATRIMONY.—A LADY, thirty, of quiet mild disposition, very musical, wishes to FORM an ALLIANCE with a kind-hearted, intelligent, intellectual, elderly ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, about sixty, of decided evangelical principles: he must have at least 400*l.* a-year. The lady is not at present in possession of any property, but being very domesticated, would feel a pleasure in rendering home happy and agreeable. Should this meet the eye of a gentleman as described, an answer the following week in the *Sunday Times* to Alpha, and where to address, will oblige.—It is sincerely hoped such a character only will reply."

1.

Horrid steamer, clacking, sailing,
O'er the nasty frothy sea;
Hear, oh hear, my mournful wailing,
From this isle of fair Jersey.

2.

Mother's jeering, sneers, reproaches,
Worry me from hour to hour;
Other dames in yellow coaches,
Sport triumphant orange flower !

3.

" Prospects" great, and riches plenty,
Ma holds out as marriage lures ;
But a girl of five-and-twenty,
Disappointments oft endures.

4.

The lads are told, but won't believe,
I've five thousand in the Bank ;
Would a matron sly deceive,
Gentle youths with army rank ?

5.

Ensigns all are very knowing,
(For the old rogues teach the young,)
On the widows rich bestowing,
Honied praise, with lavish tongue.

6.

Jointures fat, with wretches bulky,
They prefer to maiden's smiles ;
Captains grow both shy and sulky,
Courting Tin, not Cupid's wiles.

7.

Majors too resist temptations,
(All my cunning schemes miscarry,)
For in spite of strong flirtations,
They would rather die than marry.

8.

Colonels pensioned, bald, decrepid,
(So galling is my mother's rule,)
Vulgar, toothless, blind, and stupid...
But not one would play the fool !

9.

France I've traversed, London seasons,
Pic nics, flower shows, archery ;
I've tried by turns, from urgent reasons,
Ogling, sighing, witchery !

10.

Every ball from dark till sunrise,
Polkas, valtzes, gallopes dance,
Ready ever, with my bright eyes,
Some green victim to entrance.

11.

While my woes to young men telling,
Pearly tears roll down my cheek,
And my tender bosom's swelling,
While I sympathy bespeak !

12.

" Black cats surely have black kittens,"
They mutter softly as they go ;
Looking down I tear my mittens,
Truth prevents my saying—No !

13.

Widows wrinkled, virgins silly,
To St. Saviour's wend their way;
Why must I then, nilly, willy,
Be victimized by such delay?

14.

Suitors rich will find me willing,
How is it they never come?
Although they'll find I've not a shilling,
I'll guarantee a happy home!



Selections and Translations.

A WEEK IN PARIS, IN FEBRUARY 1848.

LETTER NO. V.

Paris, February 25th, 1848.

To the storm of yesterday has succeeded a comparative calm. A perfect multitude of well dressed persons has crowded the Boulevards, and the principal scenes of hostilities, and the city, has presented the appearance of some extraordinary gala day. The magnificent barricades and the smouldering guard-houses formed the great objects of attraction, while an immense mass of people gratified their curiosity by visiting the apartments of the Tuileries, and viewing the work of devastation. Could a stranger, ignorant of the events of the preceding three days, have suddenly been placed in the streets of Paris, he would have little deemed that a mighty revolution was in progress, one destined to exercise a boundless influence over the future destinies of Europe. Surprised he might have been to see so many armed men, and to hear such frequent reports of fire arms; nor could he easily have reconciled with his pre-conceived notions of French sobriety, the number of tipsy vagabonds he encountered at the corner of every street; but still he would have little dreamed that only twenty-four hours previously these very men were engaged in deadly conflict with the disciplined hosts of a powerful monarch, and that now, in spite of their rags, their emaciated looks, and staggering gait, they were the masters of all, the rulers of France, the sovereign people. Yet so it is. No longer, if we are to credit the inflated bulletins of the Government, or the Utopian visions of the ultra-republicans, no longer will the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean conceal the gems of purest ray serene"—no longer will "chill penury," or hopeless ignorance, benumb the intellectual powers that lie dormant beneath the tattered blouse—no longer will the accidents of birth or fortune regulate the future career of the free-born child—but the "ample page" of knowledge will be unfolded before the eyes of all, the rich promises of youthful genius will be fulfilled, the fruitful germs of thought will be developed, and merit will form the only distinction between the children of the new Republic, whose motto is "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,"—words of mighty import, but hard to be understood, and more so to be reduced to practice!

I will now give you some idea of the acts of the provisional Government, and as I proceed will briefly comment on their probable tendency. Many of these proclamations appeared last night, but to avoid confusion, I shall view them as belonging to this day. The first proclamation announced the formation of a Provisional Government, sanctioned by the unanimous acclamations of the people, and declared the unity of the nation, the equality of all classes, the aboli-

tion of privileges, and the democracy of France. Merited praises are bestowed on the conduct of the National Guard, in which body every citizen is henceforth invited to enrol himself. The Chamber of Deputies has been dissolved, the Peerage utterly abolished, and a National Assembly is to be convoked as soon as the necessary measures have been taken to ensure order and universal suffrage. The people are called upon to retain their arms and husband their ammunition, because the enemy is still at the gates; nor are the barricades to be levelled before the forts in the neighbourhood of Paris have surrendered, and their garrisons given in their adhesion. Papers, payable at the Hôtel de Ville, are issued by the Commanding Officers of the National Guard to the armed men of the people, and all bakers and dealers in provisions are required to accept the same in payment. Groups of men have consequently beseiged these shops, and borne away on the points of their bayonets loaves of bread, hams, tongues, meat, and even delicacies. One-fifth of the entire quantity of bread baked is required to be furnished to the bearers of these checks. The working classes are guaranteed a sufficient amount of labour, and are henceforth entitled to form associations for the organization of labour; and to them is further resigned the monthly instalment of one million of francs which falls in from the civil list. The Garrison of the Fort of Vincennes has acknowledged the Government of the Republic, and the Electric Telegraph has notified the formal adhesion of the principal places in the vicinity. The army is invited to "swear love to the people," and fidelity to its new institutions, in order that the union for a moment interrupted may be reestablished on the basis of brotherly love. Circulars have been despatched to the different provincial Prefects, directing them to proclaim the republican government, and the Court of Cassation, the highest tribunal in France, has passed a decree declaring that henceforward justice shall be rendered in the name of the French people. It is thus indeed that all the proclamations are headed, and every official placard on the walls bears for its superscription these words, so flattering to the popular vanity—*Au Nom du Peuple Français*. The direction of the Fine Arts and the management of the Museums will constitute a new division of the Ministry of the Interior, and the Exhibition of the present year will be opened as usual on the 15th of March. Twenty-four battalions of National Guards for active service are to be recruited from Paris and the Banlieues, and will form an effective of 25,000 men, clothed and armed at the cost of the country, and paid at the rate of thirty sous *per diem*. The National Gúards, dissolved by the former Government, are re-organized, and all civil, judicial, and administrative functionaries are released from their oath. Political prisoners are ordered to be immediately set at liberty, and the country adopts the children of those who have fallen in the late struggle. Boxes are placed in all the leading thoroughfares to receive the mites of the charitable *au bénéfice des blessés*, and the Republic further charges itself with the duty of rendering prompt and efficient assistance to them and to their families. The Tuileries are assigned as an asylum for invalided workmen, and on the stone posts supporting the railing the palace is now designated as the *Hôtel des Invalides Civils*, while some mischievous rogues have scratched on the outer walls—*Maison à louer pour cause de faillite*, and *Apartements à louer; le locataire est chassé à cause de non-payement.*—All objects pledged at the Mont-de-Piété since the first of February, such as linen, clothes, and small articles, and for which a less sum than ten francs has been advanced, are to be returned to the depositors, and the expense is to be provided for by the Minister of Finance. The business of the Government is to be thus transacted.

M. Dupont (de l'Eure) is named Provisional President of the Council.

M. de Lamartine, Provisional Minister of Foreign Affairs.

M. Crémieux, Provisional Minister of Justice.

M. Ledru-Rollin, Provisional Minister of the Interior.

M. Michel Goudchaux, Provisional Minister of Finance.

General Subervie, Provisional Minister of War.

M. Carnot, Provisional Minister of Public Instruction, including Public Worship.

M. Bethmont, Provisional Minister of Commerce.

M. Marie, Provisional Minister of Public Works.

General Cavaignac, Governor-General of Algeria.

M. Garnier Pagès, Mayor of Paris, with Messrs. Guinart and Recurt for Deputies.

Colonel de Courtais, Commander-in-Chief of the Garde Nationale.

M. Flotard, Secretary-General.

M. Marc Caussidiere, Prefect of Police, which office is now placed under the dependence of the Mayor of Paris.

M. Etienne Arago, Post-Master-General, and richly has he deserved this honor by the devoted humanity with which at the risk of his life he preserved fifty of the Municipal Guard in the Rue Bourg-l'Abbé from the fury of the populace, and also by his extraordinary exertions to despatch the mails, notwithstanding the numerous barricades that intercepted their free passage. The Indian Mail was not detained an hour beyond the usual time.

The Municipal Guard has been dissolved, and the maintenance of the public order confided to the National Guard conjointly with the armed men of the people. Colonel Dumoulin, formerly Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor, has been nominated Governor of the Louvre, and Superintendent of the National Gallery; and M. St. Amand, Captain of the First Legion, is named Commandant of the Chateau des Tuileries. Such and so varied have been the principal acts of the provisional government since their installation into office. Considering the difficulties that surround, and the exceedingly urgent nature of the business that presses upon them, as well as the discordant elements with which they have to found a new order of things, it must be admitted that they have exhibited much prudence and despatch, two qualities not always allied. Three of these acts, indeed, are open to controversy; for though expedient at the moment, I fear they will lead to much embarrassment. I allude to the over-liberal supply of food, the redemption of pawned clothing, and the military organization of the armed vagabonds. It is calculated that these checks, issued from the Hotel de Ville, will amount to at least 100,000 francs, or £4,000 *per diem*, an expense which the present low state of the finances cannot long support. The Mont-de-Piété will absorb a further sum of 700,000 francs, or £28,000, without affording any general satisfaction, for already it is asked why extend this indulgence to those only who have deposited their pledges since the first of the month, and not to all indiscriminately whose loans do not exceed ten francs. But the formation of the new corps, called the Garde Nationale Mobile, lies open to many serious objections. In the first place, exclusive of the outlay required for equipping these sans-culottes heroes, their diurnal pay will amount to £1,500, or above 260,000 francs a week. Then, it appears very uncertain how far it may please these gentry to leave the excitement of the metropolis and proceed to a distant frontier, which few of them imagine to be above two or three days' march from Paris. And should they choose to remain here, notwithstanding the flattering assurance that they shall form the vanguard of the army in the event of a war, who can estimate the frightful consequences of having a well trained corps of lawless vaga-

bonds in the heart of the capital, ready to execute any nefarious deed in the name of liberty and at the suggestion of any unprincipled and violent demagogue? A moment's tranquillity has certainly been gained, but even this may be too dearly purchased, and future excesses may cause our rulers to lament that they placed such formidable power in the hands of those who are only too willing to abuse it. The only attempt at creating a disturbance this day has been made by some thirty or forty ruffians, who must not be confounded with the people, but who threatened to destroy the printing and other machines. These excesses, however, were soon suppressed, and a letter was addressed by the Editors of the *Atelier*, or working-man's journal, to their comrades, calling upon them to protect machinery, and reminding them that it was not thence their sufferings took their origin, but from an "egotistical and improvident government." Indeed nothing could be more orderly than the general bearing of the people, and had the shops and magazines been opened, my firm opinion is that the great majority of the working classes would have been found at their posts. It is really surprising how easily any little ebullition was checked. A large mass set out for Vincennes. On the way a citizen demanded—"Have you an order from the provisional government?" "No," was the reply. "Then you have no right to proceed." "It is true," cried the mob, "we must have an order," and they immediately turned back. Yesterday I spoke in warm terms of the courage displayed by the people in combat, I must now relate one or two incidents in favor of their chivalrous honesty. On Thursday morning, and indeed on the preceding Wednesday, arms were demanded at every house, not in a threatening or brutal manner, but with much gentleness of tone. When these were given, or it appeared that there were none in the house, the unwelcome visitors wrote in chalk on the door or lower shutters *Armes données*, and thus secured the inmates from further intrusion. In many instances it happened that valuable fowling pieces thus fell into the hands of the mob, to-day numbers of them have been returned to their owners with hearty thanks. A person residing at Passy received a domiciliary visit of this kind, and replied to the usual demand, that he had no arms, and that they were at liberty to search his apartments. "In that case you must give us money to buy some." Fifty francs were handed over, and the troop departed. In a few minutes they returned, and to his astonishment gave him back his money, saying that on reflection it appeared to them too much like a theft. Another band waited on the Duchess d'Elchingen bent on the same errand. They were conducted into an apartment, and shown a brace of pistols and a sword. "These are my only arms," she exclaimed, "they were those of Marshal Ney. They are relics dear to our family." The fine fellows bowed themselves reverently, and instantly withdrew. Exhausted with hunger and fatigue, a poor artizan entered a house, and begged for something to eat. Cold chicken, wine, and bread, were placed before him. "Thank you," said he, "a morsel of bread and a glass of water are enough for me. Until I can find employment, I ask for no more."—In the palace of the Tuileries many articles of great value were collected and guarded by men in rags. To-day one of these men asked M. Bastide to procure him some bread, saying that they had been forgotten since yesterday, and that they were now really exhausted for want of food. On being pressed to give his name, he declined—adding, "We have merely done our duty. To-morrow we shall be able to earn our own livelihood—but as we cannot work to-day, we are obliged to beg some bread of you." And these men were the sole guardians of convertible property amounting to thousands of pounds.

To the robber the people were inexorable, and this morning I saw eight poor wretches, who had been taken *en flagrant délit*, paraded through the streets previous to being shot. It is true that this summary kind of justice is rather dangerous in the hands of a mob, but for the moment some such terrible examples are absolutely necessary. In a day or two justice will have resumed her usual course, and then we shall hear no more of this modification of Lynch law.

Last night the Palais Royal was discovered to be on fire, but by the exertions of the Pompiers, aided by the people, all danger was speedily at an end. Some fears were also entertained for the Louvre. A party of young men had amused themselves by drawing into the Place du Carousel one of the royal carriages that were burning in the Place du Palais Royal. "Let us burn these shops," cried one of them, pointing to the two rows of wood-constructed booths that line the road to the Louvre. "Stay, stay, my friends," exclaimed a by-stander, "you will set fire to the Museum." In a moment the flaming carriage was removed to a distance, and left to consume away to ashes like the power of its late master.

Though the people have pronounced the extinction of the Peerage, I am not aware that any insults have been offered to individual members of that illustrious body. Yesterday, while Victor Hugo was attempting to address a crowd collected in the Place Royale, some persons began to hoot and hiss, crying out—"He is one of the Peers!" "I know nothing about that," exclaimed a man in a blouse, "but I do know that he is a great man." The fickle minds of the rabble veered about, and cheers succeeded to groans.

A crowd had assembled last night in the Rue Richelieu round a placard filled with gross invectives against the ex-King. A gentleman, who was passing, thus addressed them—"My friends, a great people ought to respect misfortune." "You are right," was the reply, "a generous people must not tarnish its victory," and the placard was instantly torn down. Much that is truly great, generous, and noble, is concealed under this rude exterior, and requires only to be cultivated to shine forth brilliantly—but how far will this answer the purpose of aspiring and selfish democrats?

LETTER NO. VI.

Paris, February 26th, 1848.

I regret to inform you that excesses have been committed in the neighbourhood of this city during the course of yesterday. About 7 in the evening the Château de Neuilly was discovered to be in flames, and a band of ruffians attempted to destroy and pillage its valuable contents. However by the exertions of the National Guard, under the direction of two students of the Polytechnic School, the pictures, library, and plate—the latter estimated at 1,200,000 francs—were safely removed and conveyed to the Mairie. A frightful punishment overtook nearly a hundred of these bandits. While one party ravaged the apartments, another forced their way into the cellars, where they speedily became so intoxicated that they were unable to make their escape, and all miserably perished in the flames, or by suffocation. A pavilion and a part of one wing are now alone standing. Still greater damage was done to the Railways. Many of the rails were taken up on the Amiens line to prevent the arrival of fresh troops, but on the Havre line the destruction has been really distressing. Several bridges have been broken down under the pretext that they were constructed by English workmen, but more probably the mischief may be attributed to the navigators on the Seine, whose occupation has been

almost entirely absorbed by the Railroad. It is calculated that £150,000 will hardly repair the losses of the St. Germain Railway, and that the different lines will together demand an outlay of nearly half a million before the damages thus sustained can be entirely made good. The Château of M. Rothschild at Surène has also been set on fire, under the erroneous impression that it was royal property. Against this wealthy banker individually there exists no ill-will—and most unjust would such a feeling be, for not only has he subscribed 50,000 francs for the relief of the wounded, but has intimated to the authorities his intention to fulfill the contract made with the late Government, though his loss by this transaction cannot fail to be enormous. The other bankers of Paris have not proved deficient in charity, and the sum of 200,000 francs was speedily subscribed. Indeed, the wounded appear to be in a fair way of being the greatest gainers by the Revolution. In their favor are to be the first representations at the Theatres: in their favor concerts are announced; in their favor many trades-people set aside the proceeds of their business during a given time; in their favor coaches, cabs, and omnibuses convey their passengers for the day; and finally in their favor subscription lists are every where suspended, and at every turn the charitable pedestrian encounters the sou-beseeching spectacle *tronc, pour les blessés.* The total number of the wounded is stated at 600, but of these nearly one hundred are soldiers. The loss of the Municipal Guard was about fifty killed, and twenty or thirty soldiers of the line were also slain; of the people there fell above three hundred. The Archbishop, arrayed in his pontifical robes and attended by his grand vicars and many of the clergy, has this day visited the Hotel Dieu, and the hospitals of La Charité and Beaujon. His presence diffused universal satisfaction, and the utmost respect was paid to him. A pastoral letter has also been published, announcing that a mass for the dead will be celebrated to-morrow, and a collection made in the churches for the benefit of their families. After the mass will be sung the *Domine salvam fac Francorum gentem*, and *Deus, a quo sancta desideria*, &c. &c. One distinctive mark of the late Revolution is calculated to inspire general confidence. A proper veneration for religion and sacred things has hitherto been manifested, and even in the midst of the intoxication of success, on entering the chapel of the Tuileries a magnificent figure of Christ on the cross attracted the admiration of all. *Mes amis*, exclaimed a pupil of the Polytechnic School, *voila notre maitre a tous ! saluons le Christ !* Every head was uncovered, every knee bent, and in solemn procession the holy emblem was conveyed to the church of St. Roch, while the by-standers formed into two lines to allow it to pass, crying out *Chapeaux bas ! saluez le Christ !* A pleasing sight might also have been beheld to-day. A procession of ladies including Mde. Lamartine, Mde. Mallet, the Princess de Beauveau, the Duchess de Marmier, and the Marchioness de Vareilles, each holding a child by either hand, passed from the Rue de la Paix to the Hôtel de Ville. The object was to place the charitable institutions for children under the patronage of the nation, and in this benevolent design the ladies completely succeeded. Amongst the men who accompanied them were a Catholic Curé, a Jewish Rabbi, and a Protestant Minister, walking hand-in-hand. Banners were displayed bearing the inscriptions—*The union of all religions for charity: Maternal education; Let little children come unto me*, &c. &c., and a lively sympathy was expressed by the spectators. Another procession was composed of the Poles residing in Paris and the environs, headed by General Dwernicki, *the taker of cannons*, as he is termed by his countrymen. These worthies were received by M. David, Mayor of the Eleventh Arrondissement, whom they warmly congratulated on the

valour displayed by his countrymen, and then concluded by offering to enrol themselves into a legion, to be designated *La Légion Polonaise* and to consist of 700 men. This offer is said to have been declined.

The Minister of War has addressed a circular to the Commanding Officers of military divisions, in which he enjoins them to assemble the troops under their command, and proclaim the new government. They are also called upon to send in their formal adhesion, and to maintain the discipline of the army. A well merited compliment has also been paid to the young men of the Military schools, to whom is further intrusted the superintendence of the execution of the decrees relating to the provisionment of Paris, and to the opening of the barricades, so as to allow free circulation without compromising the defence of the capital. It is satisfactory to know that there is a sufficient supply of flour for at least one month. The pupils of the colleges have not been forgotten amid the general rejoicing, and two days holidays are to be given to them at the request of the Minister of Public Instruction. The residences of the fallen dynasty are to be sold, and the proceeds allotted to the revival and encouragement of trade and commerce. In the meantime all good citizens are reminded that they are National Property. These words are being inscribed on all public buildings, not even excepting churches, as well as the republican device, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and above all floats the tricolor flag. For this, indeed, France and the common cause of humanity is deeply indebted to the firmness and eloquence of M. de Lamartine. Five times during the day did he harangue the people, and again and again did they crowd around to catch his glowing words. For eight and forty hours the members of the provisional government had remained at their post. A few camp beds had been laid down in the hall where they deliberated, and on these they threw their wearied limbs and endeavoured to snatch a brief repose. The Drapeau Rouge, the symbol of Communism, was suddenly displayed from the Hotel de Ville, and a dense crowd of armed men rushed into the corridors. The moment was trying in the extreme—on it depended the safety of the nation. Poor old Dupont de l'Eure twice fainted away from the heat and excitement.

The ultra-radicals were of opinion that the popular will was their best and only guide, and the more timid of the others seemed disposed to make any concessions that would insure their personal safety, if but for a moment. But Lamartine was equal to the crisis. Neither threats nor entreaties influenced him. He remained inflexible, and saved Paris from pillage, France from the horrors of a civil war. With his arms crossed on his breast he calmly awaited until the agitation had subsided, regardless of swords and bayonets that glanced across his brow. The mob are ever cowards at heart, and like wild beasts are easily tamed by the unflinching eye of the truly brave. Lamartine at last made himself heard, and the victory of the man over the brute was at once decided. "You demand the red flag in the place of the tricolor! I, for one, will never adopt the red flag, and I will tell you in a word why I will oppose myself to it with all the force of my patriotism. It is, Citizens, because the tricolor flag has made the tour of the world, under the Republic and the Empire, with your liberties and your glories; while the red flag has made only the tour of the Champ de Mars, dragged through torrents of the people's blood." These words were electric. The arms that had been uplifted to strike were now thrown round him; tears bedewed the cheeks of many; and the tricolor flag was proclaimed the banner of the Republic. The Gallic cock is also to be retained. Who, you will ask, were the real authors of this tumult? Without hesitation I reply, Ledru Rollin,

Crémieux, Flocon, and the other members of that gang. They it was who caused the butchery on the Boulevards on Wednesday. Seeing the peaceful turn that things had taken, and knowing their own utter insignificance under the reign of reason and tranquillity, they were resolved at all hazards to create and perpetuate a commotion. A pistol was fired at the Military, and in imagined self-defence a volley was poured into the inoffensive mob. You are incredulous?

LETTER NO. VII.

Paris, February 27th, 1848.

The great event of the day has been the inauguration of the Republic. Yesterday afternoon the members of the provisional government presented themselves to the people on the flight of steps leading up to the principal entrance of the Hotel de Ville, and M. Lamartine holding a paper in his hand, eloquently addressed the crowd. He announced the abolition of royalty, the establishment of the Republic, the political rights of the people, the construction of national workshops for labourers, out of employ; the reorganization of the Army; the union of the National Guard with the people, and finally the abolition of death for political offences. To-day the great work has been consummated. The members of the Government, the Judges, and other official personages, attended by the National Guard, the pupils of the Military schools, and a countless multitude of spectators, proceeded from the Hotel de Ville to the Place de la Bastille, and there, amid the glad strains of music and the enthusiastic shouts of the people, proclaimed the French Republic and the recovery of their liberty. Messrs. Arago and Crémieux were the two orators of the occasion, and the venerable President also pronounced a few simple energetic words. On the conclusion of his brief address, M. Arago stepped forward and exclaimed—"Citizens, eighty years of a pure and patriotic life have just spoken to you." Deafening cheers for Dupont de l'Eure rent the air, until the latter replied by crying, *Vive la République!* At length the ceremony was concluded, and one huge mass of human beings slowly moved up the Boulevards, vibrating with emotion and presenting a most imposimg sight.

Religion has also consecrated the new form of government, and a solemn mass has been sung for the souls of the dead, who fell in their country's cause. In the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame the Abbé Lacordaire commenced his Lent sermons, and began by thanking the Archbishop for his catholic and courageous conduct. He then proceeded to prove from the divine oracles how the immortality of the Church and the sanctity of oaths may nevertheless be reconciled with the changes effected by God in the social condition of the world by means of human agency. Hurried away by the impulse of the moment, the Dominican laboring to prove the existence of the Deity, suddenly exclaimed: "Prove to you God! Were I to attempt to do so, you might well call me parricide and sacrilegious! If I dared to undertake to demonstrate to you God, the gates of this Cathedral would open of themselves, and show you this people superb in its anger, carrying God to his altar with respect and adoration!" At this passage an enthusiastic cry escaped the auditory, forgetful of the sanctity of the place, and carried away by the impassioned eloquence of the preacher.

From all quarters adhesion to the new government hourly arrive, and men of all opinions hasten to tender their services to their country. This is well, as it will tend to tranquillize the minds of the people, and Christian charity demands that we place the best construction on the actions of

our neighbours. To-morrow the shops will be re-opened, and business will resume its former course, at least in outward appearances; but, alas! the sources of prosperity are dried up, and blank despair sits on the countenances of the commercial classes. For a while, tranquillity will no doubt prevail, and time will thus be afforded for sowing the germs of order, and securing the future safety of the nation. Fortunately, the candidates for the throne are men of such ordinary calibre, and such mediocre talents, that little apprehension is excited by their ambitious pretensions. It is therefore possible that a true republic may yet be exhibited to the world, and in the multitude of councillors strength and wisdom may be found. At present, though few profess much faith in the divine right of kings, there are many who doubt the infallibility of the people, and refuse to recognize in its voice, the dictates of the Deity. Time, the great solver of riddles, and time alone, will read to us this enigma. For my own part, I pretend not to be an Œdipus, but have contented myself with sketching a faint outline of the strange events that will render the past week for ever memorable in history. My task is now completed, and I hasten to lay down my pen, conscious to myself that I have nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice.

THE QUEEN OF SPADES.

(From the Translation by Prosper Mérinee, of the Original Russian Tale, by Pushkin.)

CHAPTER I.

They had been playing deep at the quarters of Naronmof, a Lieutenant in the Imperial Guards; a long winter's night had passed unperceived, and it was five in the morning when supper was served. The winners sat down to tabl ehungry; the losers contented themselves with empty plates. However, by degrees, as the champagne went round, the conversation became animated and general. "What luck have you had to-night Jowime?" asked the master of the house of one of his companions. "My usual luck. I stick to my old game, and of course I've lost." "What, you've not once tried the red the whole evening? Well, your perseverance is more than I can comprehend." "What do you think of Hermann," said one of the guests, pointing to a young Engineer Officer, "that fellow has never touched a card in his life, and yet he watches us playing till five in the morning." "The game interests me," said Hermann, "but I am not one to risk the needful for the superfluous." "Hermann is a German; he is economical, that's all," cried Tomski. "But my grandmother, the Countess Anna Fedotoona, is a much more wonderful person." "How so," asked his friends. "Have you not remarked," continued Tomski, "that she never plays?" "Well, I must confess," said Naronmof, that a woman of eighty who does not play is a wonder." "You do not know why." "No; is there a reason?" "Indeed there is; I must tell you that some sixty years ago my grandmother paid a visit to Paris, and created a sensation. Every one wanted to see the Muscovite Venus. Richelieu paid court to her, and my grandmother declares, that her obduracy nearly made him

blow out his brains in despair. In those days Faro was the ladies' game. One evening, playing at Court, she lost on credit a very considerable sum to the Duke of Orleans. As soon as she had returned home, my grandmother took off her patches, undid her hoops, and in this tragical costume went and recounted her mishaps to my grandfather, winding up her story by demanding the money to discharge her debts. My late grandfather was a sort of steward to his wife. He feared her like the devil, but this time the sum she asked made him jump. He flew into a passion, proved to her that in six months she had spent half a million. He told her plumply that his villages of Moskou and Saratof were not in Paris, and concluded by refusing the money. You may fancy my grandmother's indignation. She gave him a box on the ear, and slept alone that night as a convincing proof of her resentment. The following morning she came back to the charge, and for the first time in her life she deigned to give him reasons and explanations. But it was in vain that she tried to prove to her husband that there are debts which are debts, and that one can't beat a prince as one would a coachman. All her eloquence was thrown away; my grandfather was inflexible: my grandmother was at her wit's ends. Fortunately she knew a person who was at that time at the height of his reputation. You have heard of the Count of Saint Gennain, of whom so many strange stories are told. You know that he gave himself out to be a sort of Wandering Jew, the discoverer of the Philosopher's stone, and the Elixir of life. Some laughed at him as a quack, Casanova in his memoirs asserts him to have been a spy. However that may be, notwithstanding the mystery attached to his life, Saint Germain's ingratiating manners made him welcomed in the best society. To this day my grandmother has a lively affection for him, and flushes up red as fire when his name is mentioned disrespectfully. She thought that perhaps he might lend her the money she required, and sent him a note, begging him to come to her. The old sorcerer hastened over, and found her plunged in despair. In a few words she described her position, told him her misfortunes and her husband's cruelty, adding that her sole hope lay in his kindness and friendship. After a few minutes reflection Saint Germain said, "Madame, I could easily lend you the money you want, but I know you would not rest in peace until you have repaid me, and I will not save you from one trouble to plunge you into another. There is one way of freeing yourself. —win back the money." "But, my dear Count," said my grandmother, "I have already told you I have not a pistole left." "You do not require one," replied Saint Germain, "only listen to me." Then he revealed to her a secret that each of you, I am sure, would pay high for." All the young men were fixed in the deepest attention to the speaker's words. Tomski stopped to light his pipe, tightened his sword belt, and went on. "The same evening my grandmother went to Versailles to play at the Queen's table. The Duke of Orleans held the Bank. My grandmother had a story ready to excuse herself for not having paid him her debt, and then sat down to play. She chose three cards: the first won; she doubled her stake on the second, and won again; doubled again on the third, and in short won more than enough to pay her debts gloriously. "Mere chance," said one of the young Officers. "What a fiction," cried Hermann. "They were preconcerted cards then," said a third. "I do not think so," Tomski gravely answered. "What," exclaimed Naronmof, "you have a grandmother who knows three winning cards, and you have never discovered what they are." "Ah!" there's the infernal part of it," said Tomski. "She had four sons, one of whom was my father. Three were desperate gamblers, not one succeeded in getting the secret from her. But listen to what my

uncle Count Ivan Nitch told me, and I have his word of honor for its truth. You know Tchaplitzki—he who, after having spent millions, died in extreme misery. In his youth, when playing with Zoritch, he lost about three hundred thousand roubles. He was in despair. My grandmother, who was not in general very indulgent to the follies of young people, made, I don't know why, an exception in favor of Tchaplitzki. She gave him three cards to stake on one after the other, exacting from him a solemn promise to play no more during the rest of his life. Tchaplitzki immediately went to Zoritch and demanded his revenge. He staked fifty thousand roubles on the first card; won; he doubled the stake, in short, with his three cards, he won enough to pay his debts with something over. But there's six o'clock. By Jove! it's time to go to bed." Glasses were emptied, and a general break up of the party followed.

CHAPTER II.

The old Countess Anna Fedotoona sat before a glass in her chamber. Three waiting maids surrounded her. One held a pot of rouge, another a box of pins, and a third carried an enormous lace cap trimmed with flame-colored ribbons. The Countess had no longer any pretensions to beauty, but she still kept up the customs of her youth, dressed in the fashions of fifty years back, and as much time and care were spent on her toilet as ever she wasted on it in her days of youthful vanity. A young girl, her companion, worked at a frame in the recess of the windows. "Good morning, grandmama;" said a young Officer entering the room. "Good morning, Miss Lise. Grandmama, I come to ask you a favor." "What is it, Paul." "Allow me to introduce to you one of my friends, and to ask you to give him an invitation to your ball." "Bring him to the ball, and there you can introduce him. Were you at the Princess ——'s yesterday?" "Most certainly I was; a delightful party: they danced till five in the morning. Miss Eletzki looked charming." "Indeed, child, you are easily pleased. You should have seen her grandmother, the Princess Daria Petroona; she was a beauty. Let me see; she must be very old now." "Old, I should think so," cried Tomski, imprudently, "why she has been dead these seven years." The young lady raised her head, and gave the young man a reproachful look. He immediately recollected that it had been agreed that the Countess should remain in ignorance of the deaths of her contemporaries. He bit his lip; the Countess however did not appear at all affected on hearing of the death of her old friend. "Dead," she cried, "I did not know that; we were appointed maids of honor at the same time, and when we were presented at Court, the Empress"—Here the old Countess related for about the fiftieth time an anecdote of her younger years, and the story concluded, she said, "Paul, help me to rise. Lisanka, where is my snuff-box?" and followed by her three attendants, she stepped behind a screen to finish her toilet. Tomski remained alone with the Countess's poor companion. "Who is this gentleman whom you wish to introduce to the Countess?" asked Lisabeta Ivanoona in a low tone of voice. "Naronmof; do you know him?" "No; is he in the Army?" "Yes." "In the Engineers?" "No, in the Imperial Guard. Why did you fancy he was in the Engineers?" The young lady smiled, but gave no answer. "Paul!" cried the Countess from behind the screen, "send me a new novel, never mind what, only not one of the new school." "What sort of novel do you want, grandmama?" "One in which the hero does not strangle his father or

mother, and where there are no deaths by drowning. Nothing frightens me so much as to read of drowning men." "Where can one find a novel of that stamp? Will you have a Russian one?" "Pooh! as if there were such a thing as a Russian novel. You will send me one without fail, will you not?" "I will not forget, good bye, grandmama, good bye Lisabeta Ivanoona. Why did you think that Naronmof was in the Engineers?"

Tomski left the dressing-room. Lisabeta Ivanoona once more alone, took up her work and sat down in the recess of the window, and immediately after a young man made his appearance at the corner of a neighbouring house. His presence made the young lady blush to the very brow; she bent her head so as almost to conceal it under the canvass of her frame. At this moment the Countess entered dressed. "Lisanka," she said, "order the carriage, we will take a drive." Lisabeta rose and began to put up her worsted work. "Well! what is it? Are you deaf, child? Go, and tell them to bring the carriage at once." "I am going," said the young lady, running into the anti-chamber. A servant entered bringing books from Prince Paul Alexandrovitch. "Many thanks, Lisanka; Lisanka, where is she running to?" "I was going to dress madam." "There is plenty of time! child. Sit down and read the first volume to me." Lisabeta took the book, and read a few lines. "Louder," said the Countess, "what is the matter with you? Have you got a cold? Wait, bring your seat here, nearer; very well." Lisabeta read on two pages; the Countess yawned—"Throw away that stupid book," she exclaimed, "What trash. Send it back to Prince Paul with my best thanks. And the carriage, why has it not come?" "It is here," Lisabeta replied, looking out of the window. "Well, and you are not dressed! Must I always wait for you? This is really insupportable." Lisabeta ran to her room, and had hardly been there two minutes when the Countess rang loudly; her three waiting maids entered at one door, and a footman at the other. "It seems that no one hears me," she cried, "go and tell Lisabeta Ivanoona that I am waiting for her." She had hardly spoken the words when Lisabeta came in dressed in a bonnet and pelisse. "At last, young lady!" said the Countess, "but what a toilet you have made! Why is that? Who is it for? Let us see what sort of weather it is. It is windy, I think." "No, my lady," said the footman, "on the contrary, it is very fine." "You never know what you are talking about, open the venetian. I said so. It is freezing cold. Let them take away the carriage, Lisanka, child, we shall not go out. It was not worth while making yourself so fine." "What a life," muttered the Countess's poor companion. Lisabeta Ivanoona was in truth a very unfortunate girl. Dante says "the bread of a stranger is bitter, and his threshhold is steep and hard of access." But who can describe the miseries of the companion of an old woman of rank? not that the Countess was positively wicked; but she had all the faults inseparable to one who only acted the part of a looker on in the world. She was avaricious and egotistical. She never missed a ball, where rouged and dressed in the style of half a century back, she sat in a corner, looking more like a scarecrow than any thing human. Each person on entering went up and made her a low bow, but that done, no one thought of saying a word to her. All the society of the town frequented her house, where a rigorous etiquette was observed, although the mistress remembered the names of but few of her guests. Her large establishment of servants, grown grey and unwieldy in her service, free from all control, pillaged right and left, and a stranger would have imagined that death had already entered the house. Lisabeta Ivanoona's life there was a constant series of trials and petty mortifications. She made the tea, and was

called to account for the squandered sugar. She read the Countess's novels, whose dullness was visited on her own head. She accompanied the noble dame in her daily drives, and was made responsible for rough roads and bad weather. Her small salary was never regularly paid, and the Countess exacted from her, that she should be dressed "like other people," or rather in a style which few can afford. Her position in society was a melancholy one. Every one knew her, but none took notice of her. If asked to dance at a ball, it was because a vis-a-vis was required. When a lady found anything dis-arranged in her dress Lisabeta Ivanoona was sought out to act the part of a lady's maid in some adjoining room. She was acutely alive to the misery of her position, for her nature had not lost its self-respect. She looked forward impatiently to the time when a liberator should come and loose her chains; but the young men in the midst of their flirtations were prudent enough to avoid compromising themselves, and Lisabeta never shared the compliments and attentions which were lavished on girls as inferior to her in beauty as in mind. How often did she steal away from the splendid saloons to shut herself up in her little room, where all the furniture consisted of an old screen, a patched carpet, a chest of drawers, a small looking glass, and a bed of painted wood: there, by the light of a tallow-candle stuck in a brass candle-stick, she could weep at ease. Two days after the gambling party at Naronmof's, and a week prior to the scene we have just described, Lisabeta was sitting at her work frame gazing vacantly out of the window, when she remarked a young Engineer officer standing motionless in the street, with his eyes fixed upon her. She bent down her head, and began plying her needle assiduously. Five minutes after she mechanically cast her eyes again in the same direction: the young man was still there, and Lisabeta, not being in the habit of getting up flirtations with passers-by, resumed her work, and never raised her eyes again, until, after the lapse of two hours, dinner was announced. She rose to put up her work, and while doing so, perceived the young officer still standing in the same place. This appeared strange to her, and directly dinner was over, she hastened to the window, not without a beating heart. The stranger had disappeared, and Lisabeta soon ceased to think of the circumstance. Two days after, while preparing to step into the carriage after the Countess, she saw him exactly opposite the door; his face half concealed in a fur collar, and his dark eyes sparkling beneath his hat. Lisabeta felt afraid, she knew not why, and got into the carriage trembling. On her return from the drive, she ran to the window; he was in his old place, fixing on her his passionate gaze. Lisabeta drew back, her curiosity excited, and a strange and new feeling creeping into her heart. Not a day passed but she saw the young Engineer under her window, and ere long, a sort of mute acquaintance was established between them. She soon became conscious of his presence when at work, and raising her head would each day reward him with a longer look. The young man seemed keenly alive to this proof of her notice; with the rapid perception of a young heart, Lisabeta observed, that when their eyes met, the stranger's pale face grew crimson. At the end of a week he was greeted with a smile. It was with a beating heart that she heard Tomski ask his grandmother's permission to introduce a friend; but when she learned that Naronmof was only an officer in the Imperial Guards, she bitterly repented having compromised her secret, by betraying it to the thoughtless young man. Hermann was the son of a German, settled in Russia, who had left him but a very small fortune. Firmly resolved to preserve his independence—he had determined to leave the capital untouched, and denied himself the smallest indulgence. He was uncommunicative and ambitious, and his great reserve rarely gave

his companions an opportunity to amuse themselves at his expense. Under his apparent calmness he concealed a wild imagination, and the most violent passions, but endowed with great self-command, he had never given way to the ordinary temptations of youth. Thus it was, that though a gambler at heart, he had never touched a card; he knew, as he said himself, that his position did not allow him to risk the needful for that which was superfluous, and yet he passed night after night beside the card table, watching with a feverish interest, the fluctuating chances of the game. The anecdote of the Count of Saint Germain's three cards had strongly impressed him, and haunted him the whole night—"'Ah! that the old Countess would confide to me her secret," he said to himself, the following evening, in a stroll about the streets of Petersburg. "If she would only tell me the three winning cards! I must get introduced; try to ingratiate myself with her. Yes, I must pay court to her. And she is eighty-seven years of age. She might die this very week, perhaps to-morrow. After all there may not be a word of truth in the story. No! Economy, temperance, and industry shall be my three winning cards. With them I shall double, nay, increase tenfold my little capital, and become the creator of my own fortune and independence."

Dreaming in this way, Hermann sauntered on until he found himself in one of the largest streets in Petersburg, opposite a large house built in rather an old fashioned style of architecture. The street was crowded with carriages, and as each stopped in turn before the brilliantly lighted mansion, Hermann saw the guests severally enter. He stopped, and approaching a sentinel, huddled up in his sentry box, he asked, "Whose house is that." "The Countess of —'s." It was Tomski's grandmother. Hermann started, and the story of the three cards again flashed across him. He wandered round the house, pondering on its Mistress, her great wealth, and mysterious power. Returned to his humble quarters, he long lay restless in his bed, and when sleep came at last, visions of cards, a green cloth, and heaps of ducats and banknotes, danced before his eyes. In his dreams he was betting paroli* on paroli; always winning; pocketing piles of ducats; and stuffing his pocket book with bank notes. He awoke and sighed to find that his treasures were but dreams, and sallied out once more into the street to drive away his harassing thoughts. An invincible attraction brought him to the Countess's house. He stopped and looked up at the window. Behind a pane of glass he beheld the head and dark hair of a young girl, bent gracefully over a book, or work frame. The head was raised, and Hermann saw a charming face and eyes as dark as the hair. That moment decided his fate.

CHAPTER III.

Lisabeta Ivanoona was taking off her shawl and bonnet when the Countess sent for her. The carriage had again been ordered. While two footmen were lifting up the old lady into the carriage, Lisabeta perceived the young officer standing near her; she felt her hand seized, and before she had recovered from her alarm, the officer had disappeared, leaving a note in her hand, which she hastily concealed in her glove. During the whole drive she heard and saw nothing. The Countess had a habit of asking never ending questions, such as "Who is that man who has just bowed to us? What is the name of that bridge? What is written on that sign board?" To all this Lisabeta replied so absently, that the

* A term used at the game of Faro—doubling the stake.

Countess scolded her. "What is the matter with you to-day, child? What are you thinking of; or is it that you don't hear me? And yet I don't mumble, and am not yet in my dotage, eh!" Lisabeta was not listening to her. Once at home, she ran to shut herself up in her room, and drew the note from her glove. It was not sealed, so she could hardly help reading it, and was full of protestations of love. The tone of it was passionate yet respectful; a translation, word for word, from a German Novel. Lisabeta did not understand German, and was quite satisfied with it, though the idea of a clandestine correspondence with a young man both embarrassed and terrified her. She felt alarmed at her own rashness, and reproaching herself for her imprudence, she began to deliberate on what step it would be advisable to take. Ought she to cease working at the window, and by her coldness and repulses disgust the young man, and force him to desist from his pursuit? or should she send back his letter, and write him a firm and decided answer? She had neither friend nor counsellor, and knew not what to do. She sat down, took up her pen, and remained deep in thought. She then commenced a letter, but found it too harsh, then another was too kind; finally, after a great deal of trouble, she managed to write one which satisfied her. "I believe," she wrote "that your intentions are those of an honest man, and that you do not wish to offend me by acting without reflection; but you will understand, I am sure, that our acquaintance ought not to commence in this way. I return you your letter, and trust you will give me no reason to regret my imprudence." The following day as soon as she saw Hermann, she rose from her frame, went into the drawing-room, opened the venetian, and threw the letter into the street, certain that the young man would not allow it to remain there. Hermann picked it up, and retired into a confectioner's shop to read it, and finding nothing in it very discouraging, he returned home not at all ill pleased with the success of his attempt. Some days after a young woman came to deliver a message to Miss Lisabeta Ivanoona from her mistress, a milliner, and with a look that spoke more than her words, handed her a paper. Lisabeta, who expected a bill, opened it in some trepidation, and to her surprise recognised Hermann's hand writing, "You are mistaken; this is not for me." "I beg your pardon, Miss," replied the girl, smiling maliciously. "Pray take the trouble to read it." Lisabeta glanced over the note, and found that Hermann asked for a personal interview. "Impossible," she cried, terrified at the boldness of the request, and the manner in which it had been transmitted. "This letter is not for me," she cried, and tore it in pieces. If that letter is not for you, why do you tear it up, Miss?" remarked the girl, "You ought to have sent it to the person to whom it was addressed." "Oh, my good girl, excuse me," cried Lisabeta disconcerted; "never bring me any more letters pray, and tell the person who sent you that he ought to blush for his conduct." Hermann however was not a man to let go his prey. Each day a letter reached Lisabeta through different channels, but they were no longer translations. It was not words that failed him now, for he wrote under the influence of a powerful passion, and poor Lisabeta did not long resist this torrent of eloquence. His letters were welcome to her, and ere long she sent him answers, which every day became kinder and softer. At last she threw from the window the following note. "To night there is to be a ball at the Ambassador of —'s. The Countess is going, and we shall stay there till two o'clock; you can meet me without witnesses in this way. As soon as the Countess has left the house, that is to say, about eleven, the servants nearly all leave: the only one that will remain, the porter, is generally fast asleep in his chair. Enter the house at eleven, and go rapidly upstairs. If you meet any one in the anti-chamber,

ask if the Countess is at home : they will tell you that she has gone out, and you must resign yourself to depart; most probably though, you will find no one. The Countess's maids all sleep together in a room at the other side of the house. When you are in the anti-chamber, turn to the left, and go on straight before you until you reach the Countess's bedroom. There, behind a large screen, you will find two doors: the one to the right opens into a dark closet, the one to the left leads into a corridor, at the end of which is a narrow winding staircase which leads to my room." Hermann trembled with impatience like a lurking tiger while waiting for the appointed hour. At ten o'clock he was in waiting before the Countess's door. The weather was dreadful: the wind howled, the snow fell in large flakes, and the lamps threw but a faint light on the deserted street, where from time to time passed a solitary hackney coach, looking out for some late guest. Dressed in a thin frock coat, Hermann felt neither wind nor snow. At last the Countess's carriage drove up, and he saw two tall footmen support that shattered phantom, and place her carefully wrapt in furs on the cushions inside. Lisabeta, her head crowned with natural flowers, darted like a bird into the carriage. The door shut, and the carriage rolled heavily away over the soft snow. The windows in the first story darkened, and not a sound came from the house. Hermann wandered backwards and forwards, and approaching a lamp, pulled out his watch. It was twenty minutes to eleven, and he remained leaning against the lamp post counting impatiently the minutes. Exactly at eleven, Hermann went up the steps, opened the street door, and entered the hall. To his delight it was deserted, and with a firm and hurried step he ran up the stairs into the anti-chamber, where, by the light of a solitary lamp, he saw a footman stretched in an easy chair, fast asleep. Hermann glided by him, and passed through the dining and drawing rooms : the light in the anti-chamber enabling him to make his way into the bed-room. A golden lamp burnt in front of a glass wardrobe filled with ancient looking images of saints. The walls were hung with China silk, and on each side of the room were symetrically arranged a row of gilded armchairs, and faded sofas, luxuriously cushioned. The most conspicuous objects in the room were two of Mde. Lebrun's portraits. One represented a florid complexioned man of forty, dressed in a pale green coat, and a large decoration on his breast. The other was the picture of an elegant young lady : her hair powdered and raised on the temples, an aquiline nose, and a rose behind her ear. In every corner were vases of different forms, China shepherds and shepherdesses, Leroy's clocks, and all the inventions of a century back, cotemporary with Mont Golfier's balloons and Mesmer's magnetism, in the shape of baskets, fans, and other nicknacks. Hermann went behind the screen which concealed a small iron bed, and found two doors : the one to the right opened into a dark closet, the one to the left into the corridor. He opened the latter, and saw the little winding staircase which led to the room of the Countess's poor companion, and then closing it, concealed himself in the closet. Time passed slowly. All was quiet. The drawing-room clock struck midnight, and then all was again silent. Hermann stood leaning against an empty stove. He was calm : not a pulsation of his heart was quickened: he was determined to meet the risk boldly, for he felt that to draw back now was impossible. One o'clock struck; then two: followed not long after by the distant sound of carriage wheels. Hermann's heart began to beat. The sound approached rapidly and stopped. He heard a confused noise of voices, and of servants hurrying up and down stairs. Lights appeared in every room, and three old waiting women came into the bedroom, and last the old Countess tottered in, and threw herself into a large easy chair. Hermann peeped through

a hole, and saw Lisabeta brush past him, and heard her hurried steps up the stairs. He felt something for a moment like a pang of remorse, but that soon passed away, and his heart became again impenetrable. The Countess began undressing before a looking-glass. They took off her head dress of roses, and her powdered wig, leaving her head bare of all but a few straggling white hairs. A shower of pins fell round her, and her amber colored dress, embroidered in silver, dropped to her bloated feet. Hermann was forced to be a spectator of all the disgusting details. The Countess in a nightdress and cap, a more suitable costume for old age, looked perhaps a little less frightful. Like most old people, the Countess suffered from sleeplessness, and once undressed, she made them wheel her chair into a recess of the windows, and dismissed her attendants. The candles were put out, and the only light left was the lamp that burnt in front of the images of saints. The Countess sat balancing herself from side to side, looking like a spectre; yellow and withered. No expression lit up those vacant eyes; one would have said that the rocking motion was produced by clock work, so dead and ghastly did she look, seated in that ancient chair. All at once that death-like face lost its vacant look: the lips ceased trembling, and the eyes brightened. A stranger stood before the Countess. It was Hermann. "Do not be afraid, madam, he said, marking his words strongly. "For God's sake be not afraid. I will not do you the slightest harm; on the contrary, I come to implore a favor." The old woman stared at him in silence, as if she understood him not. He thought that she was deaf, and leaning forward, repeated his words. The Countess remained silent. "Oh, madam," continued Hermann, "you can insure me the happiness of my whole future life, and it will cost you nothing. I know that you can tell me three cards, which"—he stopped. The Countess doubtless understood him, and perhaps was meditating an answer. She said at last. "It was a jest; I swear to you, it was a jest." "No, madam," Hermann fiercely answered. "Remember Tchaplitzki, who by your means, won." The Countess seemed troubled, and for a moment her features kindled into expression, and then relapsed into their look of motionless stupidity. "Can you not," said Hermann, "tell *me* three winning cards." The Countess continued mute; he went on. "Why conceal this secret? Is it for your grandsons? They do not want it. They are rich, and know not the value of money. What use would your three cards be to such profligates? He who cannot keep his own patrimony, had he all the knowledge of hell at his command, would die in want. I know the value of money, I am not one to cast it to swine, and your three cards will not be thrown away on me. Come." He stopped, waiting for an answer. The Countess was mute. Hermann fell on his knees. "Oh, if you have ever known what it is to love, if you recollect its tender joys, if the cry of your first-born gave gladness to your heart, if you have ever felt one human feeling, I implore you by the love of a husband, lover, and child, by all that is holy in life, to hear my prayer. Reject it not, tell me your secret. Perhaps you; have purchased it at a fearful price, and staked your everlasting happiness on its possession. Reflect, you are old, and little time remains to you in this world. I will take all your sins on my soul, and alone answer for them to God. Reveal to me the secret. Consider that you have a man's happiness in your power; that not only I, but my children, and grandchildren, will for ever bless your name, and that to us your memory will be a holy thing." The old Countess replied not a word. Hermann rose. "Cursed old hag," he cried, grinding his teeth, "must I force you to speak." Here he drew a pistol from his pocket. At the sight of the pistol the Countess a second time seemed moved; her head shook more violently, she stretched out her hands to ward off the wea-

pon; then suddenly falling backwards, she moved no more. "Come, cease to play the child," said Hermann, seizing her; "for the last time I conjure you to tell me the three cards, yes or no!" The Countess gave no sign, and Hermann saw that she was dead.

CHAPTER IV.

Lisabeta Ivanoona still in her ball dress, sat buried deep in thought in her own room. On her return home she had at once dismissed her attendant, saying that she could undress herself, and went to her room trembling to think that she might find Hermann there, and even hoping for a disappointment. At the first glance she saw that he was absent; thankful for the chance that had made him miss his appointment, she sat down without thinking of undressing, to pass in review all the circumstances of an acquaintance, which though so recent, had already gone so far. Hardly three weeks had elapsed since she had first seen the young officer from her window, and already she had written to him, and permitted him to obtain from her a midnight assignation. She knew his name, and nothing more. She had received a great number of letters from him, but he had never spoken to her: even the sound of his voice was unknown to her. Until that evening, strange to say, she had never heard him mentioned. Tomski believing that the Princess Pauline—to whom he was most attentive,—was coquetting with another, was anxious to revenge himself by making a great show of indifference. With this view he invited Lisabeta to dance a never-ending Mazurka with him. He rallied her unmercifully on her preference for Engineer officers, and pretended to know a great deal more than he really did. It chanced that his jokes were so apropos at times, that more than once Lisabeta suspected that her secret had been discovered. "Tell me who is your informant"—she said, smiling. "A friend of your Engineer officer: a man who is an original." "And who is this original?" "His name is Hermann." Lisabeta made no reply, but she felt her hands and feet grow like ice. "Hermann is quite the hero for a novel," continued Tomski; he has "the profile of Napoleon, and the soul of Mephistophiles. I am sure he has at least three crimes on his conscience. How pale you look." "I have a headache. Well, what did Mr. Hermann tell you? That is his name, is it not?" "Hermann is not at all pleased with his friend your Engineer officer. He says that in his place he would behave differently. Now I'll wager that Hermann has his eyes on you himself; at least he seems to listen with a strange interest to his friend's revelations." "And where has he seen me?" "At Church perhaps, or out driving, God knows; may be in your bed when you were asleep. He is capable of any thing." At this moment they were dancing the figure where three ladies advance and invite the opposite gentlemen to choose between oblivion or regret, and their approach interrupted a conversation that had powerfully excited poor Lisabeta's curiosity. The lady, who in virtue of the changes required by the Mazurka, Tomski had chosen, was the Princess Pauline. A long explanation ensued between them during the different evolutions of the figure, and, once more with his partner, Tomski thought no more of Lisabeta or Hermann. She tried to renew the conversation, but without effect, and the Mazurka finished, the Countess rose to leave. Tomski's mysterious phrases were but the common-place expressions of a Mazurka, but they made a deep impression on poor Lisabeta. The portrait sketched by Tomski struck her as singularly like: in her romantic imagination her lover's common-place countenance became embellished with strange and supernatural

charms. She had thrown off her gloves and was seated, her shoulders uncovered, and her head, still wreathed with flowers, bent forward, when the door opened, and Hermann entered. Lisabeta started violently. "Where were you?" she asked, trembling. "In the Countess's bedroom," Hermann answered. "I have just left her: she is dead." "Good God, what did you say?" "And I fear," he continued, "that I have caused her death." Lisabeta looked at him bewildered, and Tomski's speech was recalled to her memory, "He has at least three crimes on his conscience." Hermann sat down by the window, and told her all; she listened to him in mute horror. What, those passionate letters, those expressions of devotion, his evident and obstinate pursuit of her, all that was not inspired by love, money alone had inflamed his soul. She, who had nothing but her heart to give him, how could she make him happy? Unhappy girl! she had been made the blind tool of a robber, of the murderer of her old benefactress. She wept bitterly in an agony of repentant grief. Hermann watched her in silence, but neither the tears of the miserable girl, nor her beauty, rendered more touching by distress, could soften that heart of stone. He felt no remorse for the Countess's death, his sole regret was the irreparable loss of the secret, from which he had expected to make his fortune. "You must be a monster," cried Lisabeta, after a long silence. "I did not wish to kill her," he answered coldly; "my pistol was not loaded." They remained sometime neither looking nor speaking to each other. The morning dawned, and Lisabeta put out the candle which burnt low in its socket. The room was filled with the wan pale light of morning. She wiped her eyes and fixed them on Hermann. He was still at the window, with knit brows, and arms folded! his attitude reminded her involuntarily of Napoleon's portrait. The likeness overpowered her. "How will you leave this," she said at last, "I intended to have made you go by the back staircase, but we must pass the Countess's room, and I am afraid." "Only tell me where the staircase is, I can go alone." She rose, took the key out of a drawer, and handed it to Hermann, giving him all the necessary directions. He took her cold hand, kissed her forehead, and left the room. He went down the winding staircase and entered the Countess's chamber. She was seated in her chair; her form quite stiff, but her features unchanged. He stopped and looked at her some time, as if to convince himself of the frightful reality; he then opened the closet, and groping about with his hands, discovered a little door which led to a staircase; strange ideas came into his head while descending. By this staircase he thought, some sixty years back at this hour, might have been seen issuing from this very chamber, in stiff court dress, some lover of this woman, whose heart has this day ceased to beat, and 'tis long years since he was buried!

At the bottom of the staircase he found another door which he opened with the key. He entered a corridor, and went forth into the street.

CHAPTER V.

Three days after that fatal night, at nine in the morning, Hermann entered the convent of — where the last rites were to be paid the corpse of the old Countess. He felt no remorse, and yet his conscience told him that he was the murderer of the poor old woman. Like many who have no sense of religion, he was exceedingly superstitious, and a conviction that the dead Countess might yet exercise a malignant influence on his future life, had determined him to attend the funeral as a means of appeasing the departed spirit. The Church was crowded, and Her-

mann with difficulty found a place. The corpse was laid on a gorgeous bier beneath a velvet canopy. The Countess dressed in a white satin dress and a lace cap, lay stretched in her coffin: her hands crossed on her breast. Round the bier were assembled all the family. The servants were in black; a knot of armorial ribbons on the shoulder, and a taper in the hand. All the relations, consisting of the Countess's children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, stood round in the deepest mourning, but no one wept, for tears would have passed for an affectation. The Countess was so old, that her death was an event that could surprise none, and she had long since been regarded as one who belonged no more to this world. A celebrated preacher gave her funeral sermon. In a few simple and touching words, he described the final departure of the just, whose last years had been a slow and gradual preparation for a better world.

"Behold her," said the orator, "absorbed in pious meditations; watching and praying for the Bridegroom, and at midnight came the joyful summons of the Angel of Death."

The service ended, the relations approached the corpse in succession to take a last farewell. Then came a long line of those invited for the occasion, and who for the last time bent low before her, who had been so long a bugbear in all their places of amusement. The Countess's household followed, and among them an old woman, the same age as the departed, supported by two women. She had not the strength to kneel, but her tears fell like rain as she stooped to kiss her dead Mistress' hand. Hermann advanced in his turn to the bier. He knelt for a moment on the flagstones, strewed with pine branches, and rising pale as death, ascended the steps, and bent before the body. All at once it seemed to him that the corpse fixed on him a look of derision, and winked. He started back, and fell heavily on the ground. He was immediately raised, and at the same moment Lisabeta Ivanoona fell fainting on the threshold of the church. This interruption somewhat disturbed the pomp of the funeral ceremonies: a murmur was heard among the bystanders, and an ugly chamberlain, who was a near relation of the late Countess, whispered to an Englishman near him, "That young man is a son of the late Countess: by the left hand, you understand." On which the Englishman exclaimed—"Oh!"

All day Hermann was tormented by a feeling of uneasiness. In the solitary Restaurant's, where he took his meals, he drank deeply, contrary to his usual habits, in the hope of stupifying himself; but the wine only had the effect of exciting his imagination, and gave a new vigor to his harassing thoughts. He went home early, threw himself on his bed, and soon fell into a heavy sleep. When he awoke it was night, and the moonlight filled his chamber. He looked at his watch; it was a quarter to three, and feeling no inclination to sleep, he sat up, and thought about the old Countess. At that instant some one in the street stopped at the window, as if to look in, and then passed on. Hermann paid the circumstance no attention, but after a minute's interval, he heard the door of his anti-chamber open. He concluded it was his dentschik,* drunk according to his usual custom, but he soon perceived it was the step of a stranger. It was the sound of slippers trailing along the floor. The door opened, and an old woman, dressed in white, advanced towards him. Hermann fancied it might be his old nurse, and wondered what could bring her at such a late hour; but the figure in white, crossing the room rapidly, was in a moment at the foot of the bed, and Hermann recognised the Countess. "I come to you against

* A Soldier, an Officer's servant.

my will," she said, in a firm tone of voice. "I am forced to grant your prayer. Three, seven, and ace, will win for you one after the other: but play but one card in each twenty-four hours, and after that do not touch a card for the rest of your life. I forgive you my death, on condition that you marry my young companion, Lisabeta Ivanoona." This said, she left the room, her slippers trailing along the ground as she went. Hermann heard the door of the anti-chamber close, and saw a moment after a white figure pass in the street, and stop at the window a moment, as if to look at him. Hermann remained some time completely stunned, and then rose and went into the anti-chamber. His servant, drunk as usual, lay asleep on the ground. He succeeded, after some trouble, in awaking him, but without obtaining the slightest explanation. The door of the anti-chamber was locked, and Hermann returned to his room, and wrote down all the circumstances of the apparition.

CHAPTER VI.

Two engrossing ideas can no more exist in the mind together, than two bodies can occupy the same place in the physical world. Three, seven, ace, soon effaced every recollection of the Countess's last moments from Hermann's memory. Three, seven, ace, were never out of his thoughts, and came constantly from his lips. If he met a pretty girl in the street, his remark was, "What a charming figure; it is like a three of hearts." Every fat man he met reminded him of an ace. Three, seven, ace, haunted him in his dreams, in a thousand different shapes. He saw threes expand before him into magnificent magnolias; sevens opened into gothic doors, and aces hung suspended like gigantic spiders. All his thoughts tended but to one object, how should he profit by the secret so dearly purchased? He meditated asking leave to travel. "At Paris," he said, "I shall find some gambling house, where in three trials my fortune will be made." Chance soon saved him further embarrasment. At Moscow there was a society of rich players, the president of which was the celebrated Tchekalinski, who had passed his life at the gambling table where he had amassed an immense fortune: his winnings were bank notes, while his losses were only in loose cash. His sumptuous house, excellent table, and engaging manners, had secured him many friends, while his position made him a considerable personage in the world. He came to Petersburgh, and his arrival drew crowds of young people to his house; ball rooms and the delights of a flirtation were forgotten in the attractions of the green table and dangerous pleasures of gambling. Hermann was introduced at Tchekalinski's by Naronmof. They passed through a suite of rooms filled with civil and officious servants. Every where there was a crowd. Generals and Privy Councillors were seated at whist: young men were lazily stretched on divans, taking ices, and smoking long pipes. In the principal saloon, at a long table, round which crowded about twenty players, sat the master of the house, holding a Faro bank. Tchekalinski was a man about sixty years of age, with a gentle and noble expression of countenance, and hair as white as snow. Good humour and benevolence beamed from his eyes in a perpetual smile. When Hermann was presented, he gave him a cordial welcome, and resumed his deal. The deal lasted some time; more than thirty cards were *punted* on. At every coup Tchekalinski stopped to allow the winners time to make their *parolis*, paid his stakes, listened politely to objections, and still more politely quietly smoothed down the corners of the cards used for markers. The deal over, Tchekalinski shuffled the cards, preparatory to re-commencing the play.

"Will you allow me to take a card?" said Hermann, stretching his hand over a stout man, who filled up the whole side of the table. Tchekalinski, with a bland smile, bowed assent, and Naronmof congratulated Hermann on the termination of his rigid abstinence, and wished him good luck in this his début in play. "Now!" said Hermann, after having written a figure on the back of his card. "How much?" asked the banker, peering at the card. "Excuse me, I cannot see it." "Forty-seven thousand roubles," Hermann said. At these words every head was raised, and every eye fixed on Hermann. "He is mad," thought Naronmof. "Allow me to remark, Sir," said Tchekalinski, with his eternal smile, "that your stake is high; no sum higher than two hundred and seventy-five roubles is ever staked here on the first bet." "Well," said Hermann, "will you accept my bet or not?" Tchekalinski bowed in sign of assent. "I only wished to observe," he said, "that although I have full confidence in my friends, I can only deal with money on the table. I am perfectly convinced that your word is as good as gold, but for the sake of order, and to facilitate calculations, I shall feel obliged by your placing the money on your card." Hermann drew from his pocket a cheque, and handed it to Tchekalinski, who after a moment's examination placed it on Hermann's card. He dealt. To the right fell a ten, to the left a three. "I win," Hermann said, showing his card. A murmur of astonishment ran through the room. The banker's brow grew clouded, but was succeeded a moment after by his usual smile. "Shall we settle?" he asked the winner. "If you will be so good." Tchekalinski drew some bank notes from his pocket book, and paid the amount, which Hermann pocketed, and left the table. Naronmof was thunderstruck. Hermann drank a glass of lemonade and went home. The following evening he returned to Tchekalinski's house, and this time found no difficulty in making his way. Tchekalinski was dealing, and welcomed him with his blandest smile. Hermann waited for a new deal, and taking a card, placed on it his forty-seven thousand roubles, and his winnings of the previous night. Tchekalinski commenced dealing. A knave fell to the right, a seven to the left, Hermann showed his seven. There was an universal "Ah." Tchekalinski evidently grew troubled. He counted out ninety-four thousand roubles, and handed them to Hermann, who took them calmly, and left the room. He re-appeared the following day at the usual hour. The whole room was in expectation; Generals and Privy Councillors had abandoned their whist tables to be spectators of so extraordinary a game. The young officers had left their divans, and every inhabitant of the house had collected in the saloon. All pressed round Hermann. At his entrance the other players left their game, so impatient were they to see him in the lists with the banker, who, pale, but with his eternal smile, watched him take his place at the table, and prepared to play alone against him. Both at the same time called for a fresh pack of cards. Tchekalinski shuffled, and Hermann cut. The latter then took a card, and covered it with a heap of bank notes. It seemed like the preparations for a duel. Not a sound was heard in the vast saloon. Tchekalinski began dealing with trembling fingers. To the right fell a Queen, to the left an ace. "My ace wins," Hermann said, uncovering his card. "Your Queen has lost," said Tchekalinski, in the blandest tones. Hermann started. Instead of an ace, he beheld before him a Queen of Spades. He could hardly believe his eyes, or comprehend how he could have made the mistake. While standing with his eyes fixed on the fatal card, it seemed to him that the Queen of Spades winked at him with a smile of derision, and Hermann, with horror, recognised in it a strange likeness to the dead Countess. "Cursed old woman!" he cried, horror struck. Tcheka-

linski, with a sweep of his rake, collected his winnings. Hermann remained for a long time motionless, and overwhelmed. When at last he left the table, there was a moment of noisy conversation. "A famous *punt*," they exclaimed. Tchekalinski shuffled his cards, and the game went on.

CONCLUSION.

HERMANN is mad. He is in the Hospital of Oboukof, No. 17. He replies to no questions, and is heard continually repeating the same words! "Three, seven, ace! Three, seven, Queen!" Lisabeta Ivanoona has just married a very deserving young man, son of the late Countess' steward. He has a good appointment, and bears an excellent character. Lisabeta has taken to her house a poor young relation, whose education she has undertaken.

Tomski has become a Major, and has married the Princess Pauline.

THE NOVELS OF CERVANTES.

(Translated from the Original)

THE DECEITFUL MARRIAGE.

FROM the hospital of the Resurrection, which is outside the gate of the field at Valladolid, a soldier made his appearance, who from the weakness of his limbs, the yellowness of his countenance, and his using his sword as a staff, afforded ample proof that, although the season was not very warm, he must have sweated in twenty days all the bad humours he had perhaps acquired in an hour. He tottered as he went along, and stumbled like a convalescent. On passing through the gate of the city, he perceived coming towards him a friend, whom he had not seen for more than six months, who, crossing himself as if he had discovered some evil spirit, approached him, saying,

"What is this, Signior Ensign Campuzano? Is it possible that your worship can be in this land? As I live, I thought you were in Flanders, trailing in that country your pike, rather than dragging your sword here. What a colour and what feebleness is this I behold?"

To which Campuzano replied—"As to whether I am in this land or not, Signior Licentiate Peralta, the sight of me in it is a sufficient answer. To your other questions I have only to say, that I have come from that hospital, after sweating out some fourteen loads of diseases saddled upon me by a woman whom I had selected for my wife, in which I made a mistake."

"Then your worship got married?" replied Peralta.

"Yes, sir," answered Campuzano.

"It must have been *por amores*," said Peralta, "and such marriages bring repentance ready in their train."

"I cannot say whether it was *por amores*," replied the Ensign, but I can affirm it was *por dolores*, as from my marriage I got as many pains for the body as for the soul. Those of the body have cost me forty sudorifics to get rid of, while for those of the soul I can find no remedy even to alleviate them. But as I do not wish to carry on a long conversation in the street, your worship must excuse me, and some other day, with greater convenience, I will recount to you my adventures, which are the most novel and strange

your worship may have heard in the whole course of your life."

"This must not be so," said the Licenciate—"you must come with me to my lodging, and there we will do penitence* together, as the olla is exactly suited to a sick person, and although it is measured out for two people, a pie will supply the wants of my servant. If the state of your health will permit it, we will wind up with a few slices of ham from Rute. Above all things consider what I offer is with the best good will, not only upon this occasion, but upon every occasion that your worship may please."

Campuzano expressed his gratitude for his kind offers, and accepted the invitation. They proceeded to San Llorente, attended mass, and went to the house of Peralta, who fulfilled his promise, and repeated his offers. At the conclusion of dinner, he begged of him to relate those events which he had represented as being so wondrous. Campuzano did not require to be pressed, but commenced his tale as follows:—

"Your worship, Signior Licenciate Peralta, may well remember that I lived in this city as the comrade of Captain Pedro de Herrera, who is now in Flanders."

"I well remember it," replied Peralta.

"Well," continued Campuzano, "one day as we had finished our dinner at that hotel of the Solana, where we lived, two women of genteel appearance entered, accompanied by two female servants. The one commenced a conversation with the Captain standing close to the window, and the other seated herself in a chair close to me, with her hood dropped to her chin, which prevented any part of her face being seen, except what could be discovered through the thin texture of the hood. I courteously begged her to do me the great favor of disclosing her features, but all to no purpose, which inflamed my desire to see her to a still more powerful degree. To increase this desire still more, either purposely, or by accident, the lady drew out a very white hand, covered with very good rings. At that time I was most brilliantly attired, having on that great chain your worship must have known me to wear. My hat, with its feathers and band, my dress of gaudy colours as became a soldier, made me appear to my foolish eyes so gracefully elegant, that I imagined I could kill the girls with a glance. With all this I begged of her again to discover herself. To which she replied,

"Don't be importunate; I possess a house where you may order a page to follow me, for although I am far more honest than this answer would lead you to suppose, yet, in order to know if your discretion is on a par with your elegant appearance, I will not be displeased at your seeing me."

"I kissed my hands to her for the great favor she conferred upon me, and promised in payment mountains of gold. The Captain concluded his conversation, and they retired, followed by my servant. The Captain told me that the lady wanted him to carry certain letters to Flanders to another Captain, who, she said, was her cousin, but whom he knew to be, not her cousin, but her lover. I remained burning with passion at the remembrance of the snowy hands I had seen, and dying with desire to see her face; so the next day I went, guided by my servant, and was freely admitted. I found a house very well furnished, and a woman of about thirty years of age, whom I knew by the hands. She was not extremely beautiful, but was sufficiently so to make love to, and her tone of voice was so sweet that it pierced through the ears into the soul. I enjoyed with her long and amorous conversations. I boast-

* "*Hacer penitencia*," a phrase used when the dinner is a poor one, as on fasting days.

ed, I shouted,* I hectored, I offered, I promised, and made all the demonstrations that appeared to me to be necessary to gain her affections, but as she was accustomed to listen to offers and eloquence as great if not greater, she pretended to give them great attention, but very little credit. Finally our intercourse passed in the most delightful manner for four days that I continued to visit her, without my succeeding in gaining the object I desired. During the time that I visited her, I always found the house empty, without any appearance of feigned relatives or real friends, her only servant being a young girl more knowing than simple. At last I pressed the lady Dona Estefania de Caycedo (for that is the name of the woman who has placed me in this condition) representing my love as that of a soldier who is on the point of departure, and she replied.

'Sir Ensign Campuzano, it would be folly if I attempted to pass myself off on your worship as a saint. A sinner I have been, and am even now, but not to such an extent as to be talked of by the neighbours, or remarked by those at a distance. I inherited no estate either from my parents or any other relation, and yet the furniture of my house, properly valued, is worth two thousand five hundred escudos. The property too is of such a nature that, put up to public auction, it can be converted into money with no more delay than the delay of sending it. With this fortune I am in search of a husband, to whom I may deliver myself, and render all obedience. I will also, reforming my past life, be most especially solicitous in feasting and serving him, for no prince has a cook who can minister to gluttony, or season the dishes to such perfection as I can, when, turning to house keeping, I make up my mind to do so. I know how to act the major-domo in the house, the lass in the kitchen, and the lady in the hall. Truly I know how to command, and how to make myself obeyed. I waste nothing, but gather up much. My *real* is not worth less, but much more, when it is expended by my order. The linen I possess, which is in great quantity and of excellent quality, was not taken from shops or linen drapers; it was spun by these fingers and those of my female servants, and, were it possible to weave it in the house, it would be woven. I say these praises of myself, because no reproach can attach to praises which necessity compels one to give utterance to. Finally, I wish you to understand that I am in search of a husband, who may protect, command, honor me, and not of a gallant who would serve and vilify me. If it pleaseth your worship to accept the gift which is offered to you, here I am ready and willing, prepared to obey your worship in every thing you may command, without putting myself up for sale; for to be talked of by the match-makers is much the same thing; there is no one so fit to arrange all these matters as the parties themselves.'

"I, whose judgment at that time was not in my head, but my heels, and to whom visions of enjoyment presented themselves at that moment more bright than fancy could portray them, and so large an amount of property offering itself so close to my grasp, that I already contemplated it converted into cash, without further reflections than those which pleasure suggested to my captivated imagination, replied that I was a happy and fortunate individual in having received from heaven, almost by miracle, such a companion to be the mistress of my will and of my fortune. This last was not so small; for with the chain that I had on my neck, and

* "*Hendi*" *hender* means to split to pieces. Shakespear uses the phrase "to split the ears of the groundlings." Probably Cervantes means to describe the vehemence with which the soldier pursues his suit by a phrase of the same kind.

other little jewels I possessed at home, with sundry brilliant uniforms, it might amount to two thousand ducats. This sum added to her two thousand five hundred would suffice for us to retire and live at a village where I was born, and where I possessed some territory. This estate, with the assistance of the money, selling the products in their season, would enable us to pass an easy and happy life.

"To sum up, our marriage was then and there agreed upon, and we arranged to give the necessary proofs of celibacy, and during the three festival days that succeed each other at Easter Christmas the bans were proclaimed. On the fourth day we were married in the presence of two friends of my own, and a youth whom she represented as her cousin, to whom I offered myself as a relation in the same extremely courteous terms which I had hitherto employed towards my new bride, with an object so perverse and treacherous that I will preserve silence upon it ; for although I am telling truths, they are not the truths of the Confessional, to which one is compelled to give utterance My servant removed my trunk from my lodging to the house of my wife. In her presence I shut up in it my magnificent chain. I showed her three or four more, although not so large, of superior workmanship ; also three or four hat bands of different patterns. I displayed before her my brilliant uniforms* and my feathers, and I delivered over to her about four hundred reals that I had for the expences of the house. Six days I enjoyed the honey-moon, recreating myself in the house like the mean and needy son-in-law in the house of the rich father-in-law. I stepped upon rich carpets, I rolled myself in sheets of fine Holland linen, and candlesticks of silver lighted up my rooms. I breakfasted in bed, rose at eleven, dined at twelve, and dozed the siesta at two o'clock on my lady's dais. Dona Estefania and her servant girl danced attendance upon me, and my boy, whom until then I had found lazy and slow, became transformed into an antelope. The little space of time that Dona Estefania left my side, she was to be found in the kitchen deeply solicitous in superintending ragouts to stimulate my appetite by giving zest to the taste. My shirts, collars, and handkerchiefs were a new Aranjuez of flowers, so sweet was the odour from the essence of lemons and fragrant herbs† which had been sprinkled over them.

These days flew away as rapidly as years disappear before the mandate of inexorable time. During these days, seeing that I was so highly regaled and well served, I was beginning to change the evil intention with which I had commenced the business to a good one ; but at their conclusion, one morning (as I was still in bed with Dona Estefania) tremendous knocks were heard at the street door. The servant girl looked out of the window, and instantly withdrawing, exclaimed—

"Oh! most heartily welcome is she ! Was there ever any thing like it ? How is it that she can have come so much sooner than she wrote to us the other day ?"

"Who is it that has come, girl ;" I asked her.

"Who ?" she replied. "It is my lady Dona Clementa Bueso, and she comes accompanied by Signior Don Lope Melendez de Almendarez, with two other servants, and Hortigosa the Duenna that she took with her."

"Run girl, as I may be saved, and open the door to them," said Dona Estefania, at this moment ;" and you Signior, for the love of me, do

* *Galas-gala* means a court dress, but I have here translated it "brilliant uniforms" as in a previous passage, Mr. Campuzano had boasted of his." *Galas de soldado* which I rendered "brilliant uniforms." This to preserve *uniformity*.

† "*Agua de Angeles*" is a distillation from the plant "Angelica."

not be disturbed, nor attempt to make a reply for me to any thing you may hear säid against me."

"Who then can have anything to say to offend you, especially in my presence? tell me who these people are whose arrival appears to have disquieted you."

"I have no time to reply to you," said Dona Estefania. "Know this only that every thing that will take place here is feigned, for the purpose of carrying out certain designs with which you will be acquainted hereafter."

Although I had a great inclination to reply to this, I was prevented by the arrival of the lady Dona Clementa Bueso, who entered the room dressed in lustrous green satin, covered with gold lace, a short cloak of the same adorned in a similar manner, a hat with green, white, and crimson feathers, and a rich golden hat band, a thin veil covering the half of her countenance. Don Lope Melendez de Almendarez accompanied her in a travelling dress equally brilliant and rich. The Duenna Hortigosa was the first who spoke, exclaiming.

"Jesus, what is this! The bed of my lady Dona Clementa occupied, and occupied by a man too! I see miracles in this house to-day. By my faith Dona Estefania has taken her full swing, confiding in the friendship of my lady."

"I'll warrant you she has Hortigosa" replied Dona Clementa" but I, I myself am to blame. Shall I never learn a lesson about taking up with friends, who are only friends as long as it suits their own interests!" To all this Dona Estefania replied—

"Do not be grieved, my lady Dona Clementa Bueso, believe me it is not without a mysterious cause that you see what you see in this house, and when you are made acquainted with it, I know that I shall be held blameless, and your ladyship remain without any cause of complaint."

By this time, I had put on my breeches and doublet, and Estefania taking me by the hand led me to another room, and there told me that that lady, her friend, wanted to play a trick on that Don Lope who came with her, with whom she was anxious to get married. The trick was to give him to understand that that house and every thing that was in it belonged to her, all of which she intended giving to him as her dowry, and after the marriage was completed, she cared very little if the fraud was discovered, relying on Don Lope's passionate love for her. "Then," she continued, "all that belongs to me will be returned, and my friend will not be blamed, nor would any other woman, for endeavouring to obtain an honorable husband, although accomplished by means of a deception."

I said to her that it was carrying her friendship to a very great extremity, to do as she proposed, and that she should first consider the matter well, for afterwards she might be compelled to appeal to the law to recover her property. She, however, replied with so many arguments, representing herself to be under so many obligations to serve Dona Clementa, even in matters of greater importance, that much against my will, and against the promptings of my better judgment, I gave in to the wishes of Dona Estefania. She assured me that the deception would only last eight days during which we could reside at the house of a friend of her's. We finished dressing ourselves, and immediately afterwards she went to bid adieu to the lady Dona Clementa Bueso and Signior Don Lope Melendez de Almendarez, and then ordered my servant to take my trunk aud follow her. I followed in their wake without taking leave of any one.

Dona Estefania stopped at the house of a friend of her's, but before we were admitted inside, she remained a considerable time in conversation with her. At its conclusion a young girl appeared and requested me to come in along with my servant. She guided us to a small narrow room in which there

were two beds, so close together that they appeared to be one, as there was no space left between them, and the sheets of the one touched those of the other. In fact we remained there six days, during which time not an hour passed without our having a quarrel, I telling her the foolish act she had committed in having left her house and her property, which she ought not to have done even to her own mother. I harped upon this point so often that the mistress of the house, one day that Dona Estefania went out with the purpose, as she said, of ascertaining how far her business had progressed, wished to know what was the cause of my quarrelling so much with her ;—what deed she had been guilty of that I found fault with so often—denouncing it as gross folly instead of real friendship ? I told her the whole story, and when I arrived at that part where I married Dona Estefania, and the dowry she brought me, and the folly she had committed in leaving her house and property to Dona Clementa, although it was done with the laudable intention of obtaining for her so distinguished a husband as Don Lope, she began to bless herself, and cross herself so often and with such rapidity, exclaiming again and again—" Oh Jesus, Jesus, what a base female," that I became excessively alarmed. At last she said to me—

" Sir Ensign, I do not know if I am running counter to my conscience in disclosing to you what appears to me would trouble it if I kept it a secret ; but trusting to God and good luck I will speak, happen what may. Long life to truth and death to all falsehood. The truth is that Dona Clementa Bueso is the real mistress of the house and of the property which was given to you as a dowry. The falsehood is every thing that has been told to you by Dona Estefania, for she has neither house nor property, nor any other dress than the one on her back. The opportunity and the time for practising this trick were afforded to her by Dona Clementa's paying a visit to some of her relations in the city of Plasencia, from whence she proceeded to pay her devotions for nine days to our Lady of Guadalupe. In the meanwhile she left Dona Estefania in her house to take care of it, for in reality they are great friends. If, however, you look well at the matter, the poor lady is not to be blamed, seeing that she has managed to gain as husband such a personage as Sir Ensign Campuzano."

Here she finished her speech, and I began to get desperate, and I certainly would have become so if my guardian angel had failed for a moment in coming to my assistance. My heart whispered to me, through his instigation, to remember that I was a Christian, and that desperation was the greatest sin of mankind, it being the sin of devils. This consideration or good inspiration gave me some comfort, but not so much as to prevent me from taking my cloak and sword and rushing out in search of Dona Estefania, with the determination of inflicting upon her exemplary punishment ; but fate—I cannot say whether for better or worse—ordained that I should not find Dona Estefania in any place where I expected to meet her. I went to San Llorente, implored the protection of our Lady, and seated myself on a bench where, overpowered by grief, I fell into a sleep so profound that had I not been awoke, I would not have risen in a hurry. Full of sad thoughts and anguish I proceeded to the house cf Dona Estefania, and I saw her behaving with all the coolness proper to the mistress of a house. I did not dare to say a word to her, as Signior Don Lope was present. I returned to the house of my hostess, who said she had told Dona Estefana that I was acquainted with all hr plots and frauds, and that Dona Estefania had asked how I looked when the disclosure was made, and that she had replied that I looked very threatening and that in her opinion

I had gone out to look for her with a determined evil intention. Finally she told me that Dona Estefania had carried off every thing that was in my trunk, leaving me only a single travelling dress. Here was a misfortune. Here God again came to my assistance. I ran to see my trunk, and found it open and empty as the grave that awaits a dead body, and certainly it might have been mine if I had had understanding to feel and to weigh so tremendous a misfortune.

"It was a very great misfortune," said the Licenciate Peralta at that moment. "Dona Estefania having carried off so many chains and hatbands, for as the saying goes—all misfortunes, &c.*"

"That want gave me no pain replied the Ensign, "for I too can say 'Don Simueque thought he had cheated me with his squint-eyed daughter,' but by God I am all crooked on one side."

"I do not know with what purpose your worship quotes this saying," rejoined Peralta.

"The purpose is," replied the Ensign, "that all that heap and apparatus of chains, hat bands and jewels might be worth about twelve escudos."

"That is not possible," replied the Licenciate, "for the chain you, Sir Ensign, wore around your neck appeared to weigh more than two hundred ducats."

"That might be the case," replied the Ensign; "if appearances were true; but as all is not gold that glitters, the chains, hatbands, jewels, and trinkets were all composed of prepared copper,† but so well made that nothing but the touchstone or fire could discover the cheat."

"In that case," said the Licenciate, "between your worship and the lady Estefania, the game is drawn."

"And so perfectly drawn," replied the Ensign, "that we may begin to shuffle the cards again; but the mischief lies in this, Sir Licenciate, that although she can get rid of my chains, I cannot get rid of the condition in which her falsehood has placed me, for in fact, much as I may deplore it, she is a pledge‡ of mine."

"Give thanks to God, Sir Campuzano, that it was a pledge with feet, which has gone away from you, and that you are not compelled to go in search of her."

"That is true," replied the Ensign, "but with all this, without my searching for her, she perpetually haunts my imagination, and wherever I go, my dishonour is ever present to me."

"I do not well know what to reply to you," said Peralta, "except to recal to your memory the following two lines of Petrarch:—

Che chi prende diletto di far frode.
Non s'ha di lamentar s'altro l'inganna,

Which mean in our Castilian, that he who is accustomed to, and derives pleasure from cheating others, ought not to complain when he is himself deceived."

"I do not complain," replied the Ensign; "I am only grieved, for the knowledge of his guilt does not relieve the guilty from feeling the pain of his chastisement. I see perfectly that I tried to deceive and was deceived, and that I was caught in my own springe, but I cannot control my feelings to such an extent as to refrain from blaming myself. Finally, to come to that which is the principal point in my history (this title may well be given to the story of my adventures) I learned that Dona Estefania had gone off with the cousin, who I told you was present at our marriage, and who, a very long time before that, had been her lover under all circumstances.

* *Todos los duelos, &c.* Peralta considers it sufficient to allude to the very common proverb—"*todos los duelos con pan son menos*" all misfortunes are bearable as long as we have enough for maintenance. Peralta condoles with his friend because, being robbed of all he possessed, he had not even that consolation.

† *Alquimia* Latin, "Aurichalcum."

‡ *Prenda* is the article pawned whatever it may be. It is also used to denote wife or children or even friends who are much loved.

I did not choose to go in search of her, in order to avoid any further mischance which might be in store for me. I changed my lodging, and changed my hair within a few days, for my eyebrows and eyelashes began to fall off, and by degrees the hair of my head disappeared also, and I became bald before my time, having been stricken by a disease called leprosy.* I found myself bare in every sense of the word, for I had neither beard to comb nor money at home. The disease went on increasing at the same rate as my indigence, and as poverty rides rough-shod over honour, and drives some to the gallows and others to the hospital, and compels others to obtain admission into the houses of their enemies with submissive prayers (which is one of the greatest calamities that can happen to the unfortunate) so I, in order not to expend in my cure the clothes required to cover me when restored to health, entered into the hospital of the Resurrection—the period appointed for the sweating processes having arrived—where I have undergone forty sudorifics. They tell me I shall get well if I take care of myself. I still have a sword, and for the rest may God give a remedy for it." The Licenciate offered his services again to him, and expressed his wonder at the events he had related to him.

"Then your worship, Sir Peralta," said the Ensign, "is astonished at a very trifle; other events remain to be told which exceed everything that can be imagined, for they go far beyond all the laws or limits of nature. Do not, your worship, require further explanation, except that they are of such a nature, that I consider my misfortunes well repaid, in having caused my being landed in the hospital where I saw what I shall now relate to you, which your worship will neither now nor ever give credence to, nor will a human being in the world be found who will believe it."

All these preambles and enthusiastic representations made by the Ensign before recounting what he had seen, inflamed the curiosity of Peralta to such a degree that, with not less enthusiasm, he begged of him to relate at once the marvels which remained to be told.

"Your worship must already have seen," said the Alferez, "two dogs that with two lanterns accompany at night the brothers of the Capacha,† lighting them when they ask for alms."

"I have seen them," replied Peralta.

"Your worship will also have seen or heard," continued the Ensign, "what is related of them, that if by accident an alms is thrown from the windows and falls on the ground, they run immediately with their lights to search for it, and they take their stand before the windows of those whom they know to be in the habit of giving alms. But although they appear there with so much gentleness that they look more like lambs than dogs, they are lions in the hospital, guarding the establishment with the greatest care and vigilance."

"I have heard," said Peralta, "that it is all as you say, but that neither can nor ought to occasion any wonder."

"Well then, what I have now to relate of them will give you reasonable cause for amazement, and your worship, without making signs of the cross on yourself, or raising difficulties and pleading impossibilities must yield your belief to it. I heard then, and almost saw with my eyes, those dogs, one of which is called Scipio, and the other Berganza, lying one night—the second last that I concluded my sudorifics—stretched behind my bed on some old mats, and in the middle of that night, during the dark, while I was

* The learned reader will forgive my not translating the original literally.

† "*Capacha.*" The order of *San Juan de Dios*. The term Capacha is applied in Andalusia to small baskets made of palm. It is applied to the brothers of the above holy order from heir ancient practice of begging alms for the poor and receiving them in Capachas.

sleepless, thinking on my past adventures, and present miseries, I heard, I say, voices near me, and, listening most attentively to find out who were the speakers, and what they discoursed about, I in a short time discovered, by the tenor of their speech, that the speakers were the two dogs Scipio and Berganza."

Scarcely had Campuzano spoken these words when the Licenciate rising up said—

"I wish your Worship Sir Campuzano a very good morning. Up to this moment I was doubtful whether I should believe or not in the story you told me of your marriage, but what you now tell me of having heard dogs speak obliges me to come to the decision of placing no credence in anything you say. For the love of God, Sir Ensign, do not relate such nonsensical stories to any one, unless he be as great a friend to you as I am."

"Do not imagine me, your worhip, so very ignorant," replied Campuzano, "as not to know that it is only by a miracle, that animals can speak. I am well aware that if thrushes, magpies, and parrots speak they only repeat the words they are taught and learn by rote, as the tongues of these animals are peculiarly adapted to pronunciation. This however does not enable them to speak, and answer with well regulated discourse as was the case with the two dogs. Many a time after I heard them, I have myself refused to give credence to myself, and have endeavoured to look upon as a dream what I, with all my five senses, such as God has been pleased to give to me, wide awake, really listened to, heard, noted, and finally wrote down, preserving a proper arrangement without missing one word. From this you will gather sufficient proof to move and persuade you to believe the truth I tell you. The subjects on which they discoursed were various and great, more to be discussed by wise men than to be spoken by the mouths of dogs. As it is impossible that I could have invented them myself, I am compelled, in spite of my own opnion, to believe that I did not dream, and that the dogs really spoke."

"Body of me," exclaimed the Licenciate, "I declare the days of Maricastana, when the pumpkins talked, have come back again, or those of Esop, when the cock chatted with the fox, and other animals with each other."

"I should be one of the greatest of them," replied the Ensign, "if I believed that such a time had returned, but I should still be one, if I refused to believe what I heard, what I saw, and what I will dare to swear with such an oath as must compel incredulity itself to believe. But taking it for granted that I have been deceived, that my reality is a dream, and my obstinacy in pressing its belief a folly, would not your worship, Sir Peralta, like to see written in a dialogue the things that those dogs, or whoever they may be, spoke?

"On condition that your worship," replied the Licenciate, "does not labour any more to persuade me that you heard the dogs discourse I will, with the greatest pleasure, read the dialogue, which I consider must be good, being written and arranged by your good talents, Sir Ensign."

"There is another thing to be observed," said the Ensign, "I was so attentive, and my judgment so clear, the memory also so clear, subtle, and unburdened (thanks to the many raisins and almonds I had devoured) that I learned by rote all that was said almost in the very words that were used, and I wrote them down next day, without searching for any flowers of rhetoric to adorn them. I neither added nor curtailed, for the purpose of making the work more agreeable. The discourse was not confined to one night—there were two following each other—although I have only written that of one night, being the life of Berganza. That of his companion Scipio (which was related the second night) I intend to

write when I learn that the first is believed or at all events not despised. I have the dialogue in my bosom. I wrote it in the form of a dialogue to avoid the "said Scipio," "replied Berganza" "which lengthens and encumbers composition."

Saying this he drew from his breast a memorandum book and placed it in the hands of the Licenciate who took it laughing, as if he were inclined to turn into ridicule all that he heard and all that he expected to read.

"I shall recline" said the Ensign, "on this chair while your worship reads, if you think fit, those dreams or absurdities, which have nothing in them good, except the power of throwing them aside, when they become wearisome."

"Do as you please," replied Peralta, "and I will shortly conclude their perusal."

The Ensign lay down, the Licenciate opened the memorandum book, and in the beginning he saw written the following title :—

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What can more clearly demonstrate the fact, that while the Residents in India have been physicked by a large standing Army of Doctors, they have not been taught the best mode of preserving their health. One truth must be clearly understood and consistently acted upon, namely, *that all the diseases to which the human frame is subject, arise from an impure state of the blood.* Let this vital principal be freed from impurities, and disease cannot take place.

PURE AIR AND PURE BLOOD.

The relationship between pure air and pure blood is very intimate. The office of the lungs is to decarbonize the blood. Previously to its passing through those organs it is of a dark black colour, in consequence of its being charged with Carbon ; it is then termed *venous* blood. When it comes into contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it is purged from the Carbon and changed to a beautiful crimson ; it is then termed *arterial* blood. If the surrounding air be foul, charged with miasma of Carbonic acid gas, which has escaped from the lungs of individuals or from putrid matter, it is impossible that the blood should be changed from venous into arterial. The object of the blood is to convey a *replenishing* principle to every part of the human frame for the purpose of repairing the waste which is constantly going on. But if it has come in contact with impure air, it gallops through the system, charged—not with health and vigour—but with a *disease-engendering* principle—hence low, intermittent fevers, dysentery, cholera, and other fearful diseases.

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Now if disease arise from the cause thus described—who can question the philosophy or doubt the efficacy of the 'Hollowayen System.'' Unlike Doctors in general, he shows how disease may be prevented, or if its presence be detected, he shows them what is the cause. Of course, he says, "If you are suffering from disease take my Pills." For while Professor Holloway's Pills are perfectly free from *poison*—they are at the same time charged with a powerful disease-exterminating principle. Being taken into the system—they assimilate with the blood, and the vital fluid is thus charged with an element, which wages war with every unhealthy obstruction—a work of emancipation commences and most pleasuring are the results.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thraldom by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system are of admirable use as a *preventive ; but when this* use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism ? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, " I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs !" Do you *wish* to know *why* this pain ? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. LAVOISIER, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive ; you go in this state under a punkha or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the " tatties," and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system become a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky and you feel pain, and you exclaim, " what a beastly country ! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act ? You do not as you ought, at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you ? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs ; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—" you

have broken a physicial law: your want of care has caused unhealthy obstructions; get rid of these, and you will be free from pain; allow these to remain and pains still more fearful will be the result." This alone can be effectually done by resorting to a course of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which will, in a few days, remove these obstructions, and restore health and vigour to the whole system.

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